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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BOLSHEVISM'S GENERALS

COLONEL KAMENYEV is still Commander-in-chief of the Bolshevik armies, but General Brusiloff is sometimes referred to as acting in that capacity. This is because the latter officer is President of the Bolshevik Superior Council of War, an organization apparently resembling our General Staff. Brusiloff was one of the first of the higher officers of the Tsar's government to recognize the revolution, and for a time he was Commander-in-chief of all the armies of Russia under the early revolutionary government. Later he resigned this position and took up his residence at Moscow. During the fighting which occurred when the Bolsheviks seized power, he was seriously wounded by a shell, and was invalided for several months. The Bolsheviks frequently besought him to accept a military post, but he refused until late in 1918. His elevation to his present position is ascribed to the desire of the Soviet rulers to strengthen the morale of the army, and to give the war against Poland the character of a national crusade. General Brusiloff commanded the imperial forces on the southwest front from 1914 to 1917, and is immensely popular with all classes in the Ukraine.

General Budyonny, a sketch of whose sudden rise we print this week, belongs to the group of new military leaders whom the constant wars waged by and against the Soviet government have produced — a group from which may possibly emerge some new scourge from the East, in whose pathway 'the grass will never grow again.'

A FRENCH CONSUL ON SIBERIA

MARQUIS DE SEVIGNE, former French Consul-General at Irkutsk, in a recent interview at Harbin, reported that Irkutsk has resumed its normal appearance under Bolshevik rule, although there are not the former lively crowds before the shop windows, as all of the trade of the city is regulated by the government. Heavy forces of Red troops are stationed in the town and its vicinity. Many of Kolchak's former officers have entered the service of the Soviet, and have been sent to the Western front. The discipline among the soldiers is astonishingly good. They are quartered in private houses, but not a single complaint has been brought against them. The men are well fed and equipped. Bread is scarce. The grain reserves in Western Siberia have been transferred to European Russia. Railways are

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being restored to their normal condition and transportation has been improved greatly. Direct service between Irkutsk and Moscow has been resumed, and trains are leaving daily on schedule time. Telegraph service has been restored and telegrams are now received with little delay from all parts of Russia. The Consul says: 'When the food shortage is remedied there will remain no reason for the people to be dissatisfied with the government they are now living under.'

MATTERS JAPANESE

THE *Japan Advertiser* reviews a pamphlet by Mr. Tadao Metsumoto, who was private secretary of Viscount Kato, Minister of Foreign Affairs, at the time Japan presented its twenty-one demands upon China. The pamphlet is entitled *Recollections of Political Opinion on Japan's Policy toward China*. Diplomatic difficulties between the two countries are traced back to the unsatisfactory negotiations with Peking, following Japan's war with Russia. Japan felt that a paramount position in Manchuria and Mongolia should be the reward of its victory and that it was the legitimate successor of Russia in those provinces.

In another issue the same paper summarizes a symposium upon the Siberian situation in the July issue of *Chugai Shinron*, an important Japanese political review. Two or three, out of a score or more statesmen and publicists who contribute to this discussion, believe that Japan should occupy the maritime provinces of Siberia in retaliation for the recent massacre of seven hundred Japanese at Nikolaievsk. Several of the articles refer to America's 'capitalistic aggression' in Siberia as the immediate cause of the difficulty.

Marquis Okuma thinks Japan should 'temporarily occupy Eastern Siberia until a responsible government

comes into being, and take steps to protect the lives and property of the local residents, no matter whether their skin is white or yellow; and secondly, establish a sound currency and throw open Siberia to the world.' If Japan does this he believes that no country can reasonably criticize its policy. However, Marquis Okuma does not believe that Japan should have sent troops into Siberia in the first place. Troops should not be mobilized unless a nation is threatened by actual danger. No such danger threatened Japan from Russia when the troops were originally dispatched.

Another former Minister of State is severe in his strictures on America, declaring:

Though the ostensible reason for which America urged that Japan should dispatch troops to Siberia was to assist the Czecho-Slovaks, America's real intention was to make a cat's-paw of Japan to serve a group of American capitalistic aggressors. . . . Japan has served as America's cat's-paw; America has got the nut, and Japan a bad burn.

Another American-baiter expresses similar sentiments.

America may be fretting over the continued maintenance of Japanese troops; when she initiated a plan for capitalistic aggression with a view to monopolizing the rights and interests in Siberia, she induced Japan to dispatch troops to Siberia on one pretext or another, but when her plan was frustrated owing to the Bolshevik outbreak, she backed out without caring for the fate of the Japanese troops. In the light of the American maltreatment of negroes and the manner in which Briton treats Hindus, it is absurd that the Americans and Britons should speak of justice and humanity.

General Sato, a high military authority, discusses the possibility of a conflict with America in an optimistic mood.

We do not fear America's military power, but we do not challenge America. However, if the honor and existence of the Empire are at stake, we shall not submit to humiliations. If America

jeopardizes Japan's existence and mars her honor, Japan will not hesitate to take up arms at any moment. Even in this case, however, Japan will not, in view of the present strength of her army and navy, carry on active offensive operations against America. Indeed, this is impossible. In practice we could only assume the defensive and wait for American forces to approach this country. There are multitudinous islands in the Pacific affording shelter for Japanese warships, and these islands will be hells of death for the attacking squadron from America. I do not hesitate to declare that in such war an American victory is impossible. Some find a source of anxiety in the wartime supply of food and munitions in this country, but there is no cause for alarm if we maintain our coöperation with China.

On the other hand it should be added, although such opinions do not appear in the present series of articles, that many Japanese newspapers vigorously condemn the whole Siberian adventure, and describe the Nikolaievsk massacre as the logical outcome of Japan's militaristic aggression.

Japan is feeling, perhaps more keenly than any other maritime nation, the recent slump in the demand for tonnage. Last month some fifty ships were definitely tied up in Kobe and Osaka harbors for want of employment, and more were being added daily to that number. The expense of operating many vessels is greater than the return at present charter rates. Some ship owners are keeping vessels in operation chiefly to maintain their credit in the eyes of financiers. Small vessels are stopping first. It is still possible to make a small profit on vessels of over three thousand tons. Nearly half a million tons of deep water tonnage were released from their former charters just prior to the first of August.

COMPULSORY LABOR IN BULGARIA

WE recently published an interview with Premier Stambolisky of Bulgaria, in which he referred to the radical reform laws which his government had

enacted in its energetic effort to check Bolshevism by hastening to remedy important social evils. *Le Temps* gives further information regarding the compulsory labor law, which forms an important chapter in this legislation. All men twenty years of age or more, and all women eighteen years of age or more, are obliged to pay a labor tax, something on a much larger scale like the road tax still in force in many parts of America. These public laborers will be assigned to road building; maintaining and constructing railways, canals, and public buildings; erecting workers' habitations, and to labor in mines, factories, and works. The law does not permit a person to employ a substitute except in case of physical or mental incapacity or of service in the army or police. The period of service is sixteen months for men and ten months for women, of which the first three are to be employed in apprentice training. Heads of families are exempt from one-half of this service. In public emergencies labor for a longer period — an extraordinary labor tax — may be imposed. This law is already on the statute books. The land law for the compulsory subdivision and division allotment of large estates is still before Parliament.

MERE POLITICS

THE *Tory National Review* uses the recent presidential nominations in America as the text for the following complimentary comment upon politics in both the United States and Great Britain:

If you ask any intelligent American what fundamental differences divide Senator Harding from Governor Cox, who in so many ways so strongly resemble one another, he will be unable to give you an intelligible answer, for the simple reason that there are none. In this respect, American politics resemble British politics in that they are a desperate and deadly struggle between the Tweedledums and the Tweedle-

dees. We have more than once invited our readers to enlighten us as to the political divergencies between Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law, but so far there has been no response. Except that they call themselves by different names and claim to be either 'Unionists,' 'Liberals' or 'Radicals,' they are as like as a row of ninepins.

Politics everywhere, whether under the written American Constitution or under our elastic Parliamentary government, have degenerated into a competition for place and power. The single issue before the American people is whether the Washington government shall remain in the hands of the Democrats or be transferred to the Republicans, or to some third party manipulated by Mr. Hearst. Britons everywhere can watch the struggle with equanimity, and will remain calm under the provocations which are common form at every Presidential Election. It is self-evident that neither we nor the Americans have solved the problem of human government, considering that one country has remained for several years at the mercy of Mr. Wilson's whims and fancies while the other does not know how to shake off the incubus of Mr. Lloyd George. We are therefore not in a position to laugh at one another. We are all in the same boat, and that boat steered by politicians!

DEPRESSION IN CENTRAL EUROPE

ALTHOUGH Czecho-Slovakia gives evidence of as hopeful political and economic progress as any of the recently erected states in Central and Eastern Europe, its food situation still causes concern. The Minister of Supply recently stated that the store of provisions in Prague would be exhausted in July, and in one of the suburbs people had been without bread for six weeks. The rise in wages has increased to cost of coal and raw materials and prevented manufacturers from competing in foreign markets; and indeed they are now having difficulty in defending their own markets. In fact Czecho-Slovakia, like Germany, finds its foreign trade suddenly checked by the improvement of exchange. In the latter country, the bad season at northern beaches and summer resorts is cited as an evidence of the general busi-

ness depression. While the season of 1919 was very prosperous and the resorts were crowded, the present summer is witnessing empty pensions and scantily patronized hotels, with heavy losses to their proprietors.

YUGOSLAV IRRITATION

A BELGRADE correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt* writes that Yugoslavia's relations with Italy are precipitating a succession of political crises, which the government is constantly trying to allay. The recent riots in Trieste and Spalato, where South Slav business houses were mobbed, have probably increased the tension of public sentiment. This writer says that maps are displayed in shop windows showing how much territory the Italians have seized on the east coast of the Adriatic, and how many thousands of the Serbs' 'Slavic brothers' are being 'enslaved' by the Italians. A crowd gathers around. A young peasant says to his father, 'We will soon be at it again, and I must enlist.' The old father comments calmly, 'No fear, my lad, I'll be with you.'

Premier Giolitti's organ, *La Stampa*, has advocated concessions to the Slavs, and as recently as last January asserted that, 'The eastern Adriatic coast, which Italy is claiming, will be under constant pressure from the people of the interior, and this pressure will continue to increase. The attempt to stem that tide is useless. What real profit do we get from these strategic positions, and from shutting the Slavs off from the sea like enemies? We shall never be able to extend our rule over those Balkan countries and the only result will be to make a desert of that coast.' Moreover the new Foreign Minister, Count Storza, who was Italy's ambassador to Serbia while the government of the kingdom was exiled at Corfu, is recognized to be very

friendly to the Serbs. In spite of these apparently favorable conditions, however, the common people distrust the Giolitti ministry more than they did that of Nitti, with which they looked forward to concluding a speedy understanding.

PROFITEERING IN ANCIENT ROME

PEOPLE who believe in Spengler's theory, that our present civilization shows evidences of decadence analogous to those which accompanied the last days of the Greco-Roman era, will find confirmation for their opinion in a work by Theodor Birt entitled *Late Roman Characteristics* (*Spättrömische Charakterbilder*), in which he cites a wealth of inscriptions and other documentary materials to show that during and following the reign of Diocletian the depreciation of the currency and resulting rise in prices paralyzed industry and pauperized the people. Constant efforts to set maximum prices and to adjust wages to the rising cost of living proved a failure. Diocletian finally stated in one edict that people 'profiteering in the products which God has given us, demanding four times and eight times their normal price,' shall be punished with death. His successor, Julian (A.D. 361-363), discovered to his sorrow that, when he attempted to check the operations of wealthy speculators who bought up Egypt's grain crops and sold them at an enormous increase to city consumers, the only result was to create a famine.

POLISH PROPAGANDA IN GERMANY?

THE *Hamburger Nachrichten* prints a communication from a Polish member of its staff in the Ruhr district, describing the alleged efforts of the Polish miners in that neighborhood to disorganize industry. They are charged with being Bolshevist propagandists.

The Ruhr district is overrun with Polish agents sent from Warsaw and well provided with money — apparently from French sources — to undermine the industries of the district. The intimate understanding between Poland and France is shown by the frequent trips which the Polish consul in Essen makes to Paris. These are hardly pleasure trips. Just now a great effort is being made to get Polish mine workers, and especially coal hewers, to go to France. It is hoped to attain two objects by this means. To injure the German mining industry, which is especially short of hewers, and to strengthen the ties between Poland and France. Polish emigration agents even have the impudence to promote the emigration of German miners. But many of the Poles who were induced to go to France are coming back dissatisfied with their adventure.

This sounds like the alarmist report of employers at a labor migration to the devastated areas of France, to which high wages are drawing workers from all parts of Western Europe.

LABOR SENTIMENT IN POLAND

IN an optimistic letter to the *London Economist*, a Warsaw correspondent comments as follows upon labor 'sentiment in that country:

It is pretty certain that Poland is not a ground on which Bolshevism can hope to carry a successful propaganda. At a congress held by the Socialist trade unions all Bolshevist resolutions were rejected; among others the majority declared itself strongly against the introduction of 'factory soviets,' similar to those which have destroyed all industrial organizations and discipline in Russia. Besides the Socialist trade unions, which dispose of 564,302 members, there are in Poland National and Christian Unions, with an aggregate membership of 453,612 workers. Those unions are decidedly anti-Bolshevist.

It may be said that the period of social neurasthenia, which made itself felt after the armistice, and manifested itself in political strikes, and in a decrease of the productivity of labor, is now quite over. This is clearly shown by the statistics of coal output. The monthly average of coal, extracted by one workman, amounted in 1912 to 12.44 tons; in January, 1920, to 14.29; in February to 13.56 tons.

FAMISHED CHILDREN IN RUSSIA

A FEW weeks ago we printed an extract from Alderman Ben Turner's

account of his recent visit to Russia, as Chairman of the British Labor Delegation, in which he spoke highly of the care which the Soviet government is taking of the children. Probably conditions vary widely in different places and at different times. At least quite a contrasting picture is given by a Russian schoolmistress, who describes everyday life of the school children under her instruction as follows:

You cannot even imagine to what an extent the children are starved. When there was a talk once about the need for them to cross the road after lunch to other premises for their lessons, they gathered round me and quite seriously said: 'You ought to know that we cannot do it. We will have to go four times up and down stairs and cross a street. . . . We get so tired. . . . It would be too difficult for us.' . . .

The children remain sitting in the same seats the whole day; it is very difficult to get them out during recreations, when the classrooms have to be aired. Sometimes you can guess by the expression in their eyes that they are ready to do anything except rise from their seats and leave the room. . . . They begin to get a little livelier when they are going to lunch. Then, gathering all their strength, they run as fast as they can to the tables, tear the food out of the hands of one another, crying and imploring the matron to give them more. I have seen myself how their faces and their eyes brighten up at meal times; some sickly color appears on their cheeks and they look somewhat like ordinary children. But after meals they seem to wither up again; they go to the classrooms and sit bending over their desks, half asleep and half awake.

MINOR NOTES

ACCORDING to the Petrograd *Krasnaya Gazeta*, 217 strikes took place in Russian nationalized factories during June. Twenty of them were accompanied by violence and were terminated only by threatening to send the strikers to forced labor camps. So disturbing have these constant disputes become that the Bolshevik Supreme Council of Industry has decided to establish 'colleges of political enlightenment' in every factory. All employees will be obliged to attend

lectures describing the benefits of Soviet rule, and will receive full pay for the time thus spent.

In England and Wales the number of convictions for drunkenness in 1919 was nearly double the number for the previous year, thus confirming the experience of the other belligerent countries with the effects of demobilization and reaction from war discipline. The British Home Office suggests as the reasons for this increase in drunkenness: more men at home and fewer in uniform; more hours for drinking; more and stronger liquor; more light in the streets; more money; more leisure, and less self-control.

A SUB-COMMITTEE of the Commission appointed by the German Parliament to investigate the conduct of the war has just presented a report containing the following two conclusions:

1. Wilson's attempt at mediation in the winter of 1916-1917 created a situation which rendered peace negotiations possible. The Imperial government refused to avail itself of this opportunity.

2. The reason why the government did not use the opportunity to begin peace negotiations was the decision taken on January 9, 1917, to resume unlimited submarine warfare.

THE latest German newspapers which reach our desk discuss at length the results of the Spa Conference. The organs of the Socialist Parties, which have perhaps the widest circulation, naturally interpret the Conference as 'a desperate effort of shattered and bankrupt capitalism to keep itself erect.' They predict with the utmost confidence the eventual failure of the agreements there made. However, they welcome compulsory disarmament in Germany and lay stress upon the fact that the German government continues to spend several billions of marks annually upon its military and naval establishments.

[*Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory), July 22]

GENERAL BUDYONNY

BY HORST LEONHARDT

[The author of this article has just returned to Germany from Russia, where he accompanied Budyonny's Cavalry during part of the recent campaign. He writes from an intimate personal knowledge of this officer and his troops.]

LAST autumn when Denikin's troops were in front of Orel, and his armies were lying in a great bow extending from the Roumanian frontier beyond Kieff and to the middle courses of the Volga, and when his government controlled South Russia, the granary of the former empire, everyone believed that the last hour of Bolshevism was about to strike. Orel had not been captured. Trotsky defiantly called it 'The Red Verdun.' But shortly thereafter 'Red Verdun' fell, and the anti-Bolsheviki were jubilant. Kolchak, driven back against the Urals, breathed a sigh of relief. The capture of Moscow and the extirpation of Bolshevism seemed but a question of days.

But the new structure which Denikin had erected was already rotten to the core. The people of the territories he had liberated, who formed the foundation stones of that structure, were discordant, disunited, and discontented. His policies, which should have been the mortar to cement them together, were mistaken and perverse. He was unable to stabilize and solidify his creation. It needed but one powerful blow to level his ambitious edifice to the dust.

The blow came. The man who delivered it understood his task. He was the son of a Cossack, a child of the Steppes, who had spent his life from

infancy on horseback. When the old Tsarist régime collapsed and public order ceased, this man became a bandit leader, and while thus engaged became convinced that the slow-moving, stolid Middle Russian peasants and workers unaided would never be a match for the mobile mounted Cossacks of Generals Schkuro and Wrangel, the cavalry leaders of Denikin's army. He took the side of 'the people.'

Soon his battle cry was heard throughout the land. 'To horse, Proletarians!' His freebooter band became a Red regiment. He — Budyonny — became a cavalry colonel. His sensible recognition of the necessity of system made him obedient to higher orders when the situation demanded. His experience as a sergeant-major of Cossacks during the World War had taught him the essentials of military tactics. Personal courage pushed to the bounds of recklessness, and a genius for dealing with the simple minded, rough human materials at his hand, made him the idol of his troops.

He attacked Denikin furiously. Orel had to be surrendered. Relentlessly the former Cossack sergeant-major hurled himself against the crumbling Denikin front. Immediately every weakness of the latter stood unveiled — his political blunders, and the false

friendship of the Entente. Once started, the retreat never stopped. The former sergeant-major kept up a constant attack upon the fleeing forces. His battle cry, 'To horse, Proletarians!' was now heard to the remotest confines of the former empire. The last horse was taken from the plow, and from every side reinforcements flocked to his colors. So long as a man had any kind of an animal between his knees and a half-broken sabre at his side he was welcome. The prospect of booty and cheap glory attracted most of these followers. But Budyonny was not fastidious in accepting recruits. Whole squadrons of Denikin's cavalry deserted to him. His star was rising. His regiment became a brigade. When he captured Varonish and Kursk he was already leading a cavalry division; when he took Kharkoff he was at the head of a cavalry corps. The advance against Rostoff on the Don, Denikin's capital, found him commander of a whole mounted army.

He entered Rostoff in triumph. It was a dark, misty, thawing winter day. The streets were lined sparsely with stolid proletarian spectators. They did not know what to make of this new-comer. The panic-stricken bourgeoisie shot intimidated glances at the man in a black sleeveless *Cherkess* short coat, riding at the head of his numerous but by no means brilliantly accoutred staff. His horse stumbled. Budyonny glanced down to see the cause. Just ahead of him in the middle of the street lay the body of a slaughtered bandit, half clad, the skull crushed in, his stolen pocketbooks emptied and scattered near him. For an instant a grimace flashed over the leader's countenance, with its high cheek bones under his fur cap. His hands stroked his long black beard, as if he recalled some unpleasant occur-

rence of his own days as a bandit leader. Then he stuck spurs into the horse; the animal sprang gracefully over the corpse; and Budyonny's black eyes again roamed in calm content over the conquered city.

Napoleon once exhorted his half-starved, ragged army in Italy: 'There is Milan! There you will find women, gold, and booty to your heart's desire! Take it!'

Budyonny's cavalymen say that he had promised them five days' license in Rostoff. They took almost five weeks. Wine flowed in rivers. Their pockets could not hold their enforced contributions. Their fingers were stiff with stolen rings.

Only then did the cavalry move on. It was constantly strengthened by volunteers and Denikin's deserters, until it drove the counter-revolutionary troops into the Black Sea, and completed its task of liberating Russia from the 'generals and bandits' of their reactionary leader. The cavalry army rested on its laurels in the fertile region of Kuban, while Budyonny went to Moscow to pay his respects and receive his honors.

First, however, he made a clean slate at home. One of his subordinates, named Dumenko, had also been a bandit leader and freebooter like himself, but had risen to the head of a cavalry corps. He was a bold, reckless man, as popular with his troops as Budyonny was. He had served long as a simple private in the cavalry; but his bold self-assertion and reckless love of license had never been drilled out of him. He was a man who could not endure a superior. But a few unwise remarks were his undoing. Budyonny had him arrested at the head of his corps, with all his staff. As a result of the most sensational trial that has occurred in Communist Russia he was condemned to death. So just when

Dumenko's corps, which was named after its commander, was ordered to leave for the Polish front, shots echoed in the Rostoff prison which ended the career of its ambitious commander.

Budyonny was now left free to reap the reward of his victory. His reputation and authority sufficed to crush any spirit of mutiny that survived among Dumenko's followers. His progress throughout Russia was a continuous triumph. No man was ever so acclaimed as a liberator of the proletariat. Vainly did the political High Commissioner, Verchiloff, try to take some credit to himself. Even the Red rulers in Moscow watched uneasily the man in the gray *Cherkess* uniform, with the good-humored simple soldier's countenance, in whose dark eyes now and then a flash appeared, which brought swift and servile obedience from workers' and soldiers' councils. Yes, these men of Moscow pondered deeply on the idol of the reckless, adventurous army down toward the Caucasus.

Meantime, however, the Polish peril was growing, bringing with it new work for Budyonny, new employment for his army, and new prospects of booty.

When the Cavalry army was chasing Denikin last winter, it resembled a horde of freebooters more than a regular force. Its members were clothed in whatever they had been able to steal or plunder. Here you would meet a man in a general's overcoat with bright red trimming, while his comrade would be clothed in the simple garb of a private soldier. One thing that every man got, if possible, was a Persian carpet for a saddle cloth. Throughout South Russia the bourgeoisie still remembered these troops as a horde of bandits. But the Poles kept advancing. Wrangel woke up in Crimea. Revolts flared behind the

Bolshevist front, and outlawry and plundering spread through the country. Reports got abroad that Budyonny's army had mutinied and was breaking up. The bourgeoisie were jubilant. Its members expected speedy liberation by the Poles or the English, or any other country, even Germany. In a few weeks there was to be a complete change.

Just then Budyonny swept through the country on his new advance. His troops were in close columns in strict marching order. They pushed forward steadily, endlessly. The commander moved his forces deliberately and in perfect order from the Caucasus to the Polish front. He had handled the situation with marvelous energy, and within a few weeks he had converted a disorderly horde of undisciplined robbers into a well organized army of more than one hundred thousand horsemen. The bourgeoisie stared stupefied at the mighty force passing through their cities in several parallel columns. They watched in wonder the young tanned riders who had been fattening in rich Kuban. They wondered, too, at the horses, young, well-fed, spirited and chafing forward; and they pondered regretfully on the immense stores of arms and uniforms which the English had piled up in Novorussusk, and which had served to equip this imposing force.

So the Russian bourgeoisie, apathetic as ever, reconciled themselves again to the inevitable.

Pressing forward by day and night, the former Sergeant-Major urged his troops to the new battle line. Denikin had left him mounted artillery in abundance. With untiring energy he first reestablished order behind the front. Outlaws and roaming bandits were extirpated or scattered to their hiding places.

This task accomplished, Budyonny

launched his army against the Poles at Poltava. He had left the Caucasus late in April. Before the end of July he had driven through the Polish front and his troops were lying before Lemberg and Kovel. Under his blows Poland's ambitions lay shattered to fragments. Casting aside their pride, the formerly haughty invaders were miserably whimpering and begging help of the Entente. Now the allies urge an armistice. Possibly Chicherin will agree to this. Russia needs manufactures as never before. Its industries and its transportation system are on the verge of ruin. It may be a wise move to accept mediation. But will Budyonny agree? Will this man born of revolution stop midway in the path of glory which he surely feels he has not yet trod to the end? Will he do this, above all, with an army at his back which worships him and which he can double or treble by a mere wave of the hand? Even if he sees the political desirability of peace, will the bold riders behind him give their consent? This army has been told in hundreds of mass meetings that it is the flower of the Revolution; that it is the standard-bearer of proletarian world insurrection. It is significant that the privates are telling each other that Budyonny has promised them forty years of war, until all their proletarian brothers throughout the world are free from the rule of the bourgeoisie and capitalism.

But let us draw aside the veil of idealist phrases with which these rough men adorn their primitive instincts. Behind the talk of 'forty years of war' is the spirit of the old outlaws and buccaneers: Toil not, stake your life for spoils, riot and revel, rob and plunder! We have got back to the wild *soldateska* of the Thirty Years' War. During the advance from the Caucasus to the Polish front,

Budyonny's iron will could keep his men in check; but he cannot keep them under that inflexible rod in the confusion and dispersion of a campaign, where they are not immediately under his oversight. Far less can he do so if his forces ever reach the territories of other nations. Many of his cavalrymen know well the rich lands of Western Europe. Russia is completely despoiled. Friends and enemies have taken everything. But the rich West is filled with booty.

Will Budyonny be able to oppose his followers? Will he desire to oppose them if he succeeds in overrunning Poland, and they offer him the crown of a new Napoleon?

He is a man of iron determination. It is impossible to predict as yet where he will find a field for his genius. He may turn against his own superiors. It is much more probable, however, that he will turn his energy against some foreign country and across our own borders. Bolshevism is, and must remain, aggressive. Therefore we may be facing great events.

[*Il Giornale d'Italia* (Rome Neutral Conservative Daily), July 10]

MEN OF TO-MORROW IN FRANCE

BY L. POMÉ

THE Chamber of Deputies expects to take a recess after the debate upon the outcome of the conferences at Brussels and at Spa. There is a legitimate hope — though to tell the truth not widely entertained — that this outcome will be of a character to end the anxiety, the recrimination, the contradiction and the uncertainties which have prevailed during the past twenty months, while the nation was chasing that *fata morgana* called 'a real state of peace.'

However this may be, it is practically certain that during the coming recess important political negotiations will come to a head, and new policies and new party combinations will begin to show their outlines. This is a safe prediction because the work of the session just closing is merely the prologue to the larger legislative task before that body. To be sure it has been a laborious and fatiguing prologue, because its main labor was to dispose of an enormous amount of work left over by its predecessor, which as a result of an over-prolonged and agitated existence left a multitude of matters of immediate and urgent importance still to be settled. Clemenceau's government was preoccupied to an extent that will expose it for a long period to come to posthumous rancor and attack, in inducing the country to accept without protest conditions that were in strident contrast with the radiant hopes founded upon the victory which France had so dearly purchased. In order to accomplish this object, the War Cabinet discovered no other expedient — and perhaps there was no other expedient — than to conceal from the public so far as possible the bitterly disappointing reality. It was the government's policy to accustom the country gradually to the real facts of the peace, and to open its eyes as late as possible and little by little to the renunciations and sacrifices and disillusionments which peace inevitably involved. One may be excused for condemning such a policy; one may legitimately criticize it from the point of view of rigid morality and honest politics. But judging the situation without bias, and getting down to real facts, we must admit that if, instead of doing this, the government had elected to affront public opinion, still intoxicated with the joy of victory, it would not have been able to deal with the

practical difficulties and unchained passions of the period immediately following the armistice. It was therefore reduced to encouraging a kind of waning optimism, which would become eventually waxing pessimism. This served the purpose of the government in the following general elections, where extremist parties intent upon creating embarrassments and disorders endeavored to acquire control. Since France is a country where an electoral victory has a deep and definite influence upon popular sentiment, the Clemenceau cabinet was also able by such a policy to stifle in the beginning a design imported from abroad to excite a violent class revolution.

These considerations do not lessen the gravity of the problems to which such a policy gave birth. The general public no longer cherishes the great expectations, nor has it the attitude of mind, of a year ago. It is not disposed to revolt or to resort to violence. But while it is grumbling and disappointed, it now realizes the necessity, the importance, and the difficulty of reconstruction. This is the tremendous task to which the present deputies must address themselves immediately after the recess. The platform upon which they were elected consisted of a single plank: to prevent disorder. It was a slogan of national defense, and indicated a task which has now been completed. The time has come to take up other problems, which are already the problems of to-day, and justify Clemenceau's remark on leaving office, that now was his time to laugh. The old tiger said more explicitly to M. Barthou: 'I pity my successors. I am leaving them in——.'

Two hundred billions of public debt; twenty billions of taxes; bread costing 1.30 francs a kilo; exchange heavily against the country; a cost of living which for all these reasons and on

account of rise of wages, transportation, and raw materials, will inevitably continue to rise even though some of its present causes are removed; speculation — all these evils, together with vacillations and contradictory policies which weaken the influence of France abroad, combine to create an enormous debit balance against the nation's well-being, which the new chamber must try to wipe out.

Beyond doubt the control of the chamber during the coming session will not depend upon a new majority and a new policy, but upon the present majority and the present programme accommodated to new tasks. The general line of policy to be followed in the immediate future is already clearly visible. Necessity dictates programmes. Above all there must be a spirit of conciliation, mindful of those traditions and forces of the past which may still serve to cement and solidify the social edifice, while at the same time tolerating or encouraging those forward-looking movements which contribute to the progress and betterment of the nation. It is important to extend a friendly hand to liberal and patriotic Catholics, who are the conservative element *par excellence* in France. Already it has been decided to resume relations with the Vatican. It is equally urgent not to alienate the peaceable and sober elements in the reformed labor organizations, and to encourage the coöperation of capital and labor on a profit-sharing basis.

The recent elections wrought havoc among the old politicians, as they did in Italy. The new members of the chamber, who form more than one half of the total, have not yet had an opportunity to show what they are worth. It will take time before tried and tested leaders emerge from their ranks, who can be entrusted with cabinet responsibility. As matters stand at

present the three men most likely to dominate the situation during the immediate future, are Millerand, who is farfrom prejudiced by the fact that he is already at the head of the government, and Briand and Barthou. The countless difficulties facing the Cabinet, and destined to face the Cabinet in the future, have strengthened Millerand's position, although he at first seemed poorly equipped for diplomatic negotiations. He was called 'the resigner.' Having been appointed Minister of Commerce in 1899, he resigned on June 4, 1902. Becoming Minister of Labor ten years later in July, 1909, he resigned on November 2, 1910. Appointed Minister of War on January 14, 1912, he resigned on January 12, 1913; and again being made Minister of War on August 26, 1914, he resigned on October 29, 1915. Millerand has been able to ensconce himself skilfully and safely in public office because he has understood how to utilize the intimate relations he enjoys as an eminent lawyer with the leading merchants, manufacturers, and bankers of France, who exercise more influence and exhibit more ability to-day than ever in the past. The present Premier is seventy years old, but he is vigorous and robust both mentally and physically. He is a personification of system and order, with a tenacity of will which borders upon obstinacy. He still retains from his Socialist *entourage*, where he was a respected if not an adored leader, a tradition which makes him favorable to enlarging and strengthening state control. The evolution of his views from his collectivist programme of Saint Mandé to his election speeches in defense of the national *Bloc* has followed a devious and tortuous route, but one determined by two guiding stars—a resolute will and a high ambition. His success is largely to be attributed to one virtue—patience. He

has always kept his feet on the ground. He is the exact opposite of Jaurès, who personified the future, and he is equally apart from Briand, who is a magician of opportunism and an eloquent conjuror of popular assemblies.

But Briand, apparently, has an eminent rôle before him. He will be no less prominent in the coming session than he was in the last. With surprising ability, disguised under a veil of apparent indifference, he has skilfully made the most of every favorable opportunity, disclosing daily new facts, new blunders — possibly unavoidable — made after he left office, and playing up skilfully incidents and events so as to create the impression that this inimitable word artist had a remarkable prescience of coming things as early as the period of war when he held office. A few weeks ago, when in his debate with Tardieu he recalled his own Oriental policy, the chamber showed by the enthusiastic reception it gave his remarks, that he was regarded as a statesman whose capacity had equaled his responsibility. That session was perhaps prophetic.

We have mentioned Barthou. He has in his favor a well-merited reputation for keen intelligence combined with vast and solid learning, his past service in national and international affairs, a marvelous capacity for work, a tenacious and legitimate ambition, and a political dexterity which has enabled him to retain enviable prestige in Parliament during a political career of fifteen years, in which he has shown radical sympathies very alien to his hereditary traditions and his mental preferences. Barthou started out like Gladstone, 'a stern unbending Tory.' In 1914, when he joined Briand in a coalition of the Left, and rivaled the latter in the versatility and vigor of his propaganda, the strange partnership was generally mentioned in political

circles with the comment: 'Who will go farthest to the Left, the little Basque or the big Breton?' At the present time Barthou is certainly favored by the evident disposition of Parliament to take a position toward the Centre, or to the Right of the Centre. It is not improbable that a political constellation will develop in which Barthou will be the brightest star. In addition, he did yeoman's service for the national defense as chairman of one of the most important Parliament commissions. He enjoys the prestige of a man who has never held a Cabinet office, and who consequently has made no blunders; and yet he has the reputation of having been a sagacious and valued counsellor in the background — and of being conversant with the blunders made by others.

These three men, together or separately, will fill the political horizon for the immediate future. But they are not the only men of promise. There are other members of the old guard who are prominent in that little group of aspirants which stands ready in France to assume ministerial responsibility in critical moments, and to constitute 'a cabinet of heads.' Among these men is Raymond Poincaré, who seems to be reserved as a possible chief of a future Cabinet, which shall be decorative abroad and highly respected at home. However, it is considered fitting that a period of transition should intervene between his exercising the functions of the head of the government and those of first servant of the Republic.

Then there is Viviani, who has many points of contact with Briand, and seems likely to adopt a common policy and follow the same route with that distinguished colleague. Another man of promise is Andrea Lefèvre, formerly a Conservative Socialist and now an Independent. He has the reputa-

tion of having stood the test of war and of possessing much ability as a financier. Another man lifted to prominence by the practical needs of the government, is an eminent and able specialist, Paul Doumer, president of the finance committee of the Senate.

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), June 27]

TEACHERS OF REVOLUTION

A CHUNKY little volume of fifty-five pages, with red stars and red flames on the title page, has just appeared in Vienna. It is called *From Revolution to Revolution*, and the author's *nom-de-plume* is Blasius Kolosvary. However, it is written, as we learn from inquiry of the publisher, by Bela Kun, the head of the old Communist government in Budapest. It is well worth while to call the attention of the public to this product from the pen of the refugee chief of the Hungarian Soviet; for its contents are both startling and informing.

They are startling because they afford a glance into a deep abyss of diabolical passion for destruction; and it is informing because it exposes the real objects and the inevitable results of the radical developments occurring in the socialist movement.

According to Bela Kun, the failure of the Communist dictatorship in Hungary was due to the Social Democrats. They lack the real spirit and determination of true revolutionists. 'A mentally exhausted political and trade union bureaucracy, whose intellectual world was bounded by parliamentary institutions and petty social reforms, was in complete possession of the party machinery of the masses. . . . The organization of the Hungarian working people was a model for making the expression of the popular will as indirect as possible, and as

susceptible as possible to distortion and misinterpretation. . . . A person who refused to consider the cause of the working man as a private affair of the labor bureaucracy was excommunicated as a heretic. A man who ventured to appeal over the heads of the "regular" leaders directly to the people themselves immediately found the whole bureaucratic organization of the Social Democratic party and the trade unions arrayed against him.'

In spite of the complete unpreparedness of the Socialists of Hungary to undertake a revolution, the Communists seized the government on March 21, 1919; but they were forced to share their power with the conservative party members, whom the author characterizes as 'teeterers,' 'traitors,' and 'grave-diggers of proletarian rule.'

Bela Kun has other cutting remarks for the 'Christian leaders of social democracy,' whose secret intrigues with the bourgeoisie and Entente have stirred up a spirit of revolt against them among the masses. The author expresses the opinion that if the Communist leaders had not been betrayed by the Social Democrats they could have held out until the proletariat of all other Western countries had revolted. He considers their overthrow at Budapest merely an incident in the 'world-saving international social revolution,' and believes that the immediate task at hand is 'organization for the next coming phase of the proletarian revolution.'

Bela Kun's understanding of what such preparations should be throws a blaze of light upon the internal struggle in the Socialist movement, and illustrates strikingly the inevitable outcome of that phase of Social Democratic demagoguery which the radicals call 'yellow.' Kun does not admit the Social Democratic party to the status

of a sister organization. 'Though some members of that party may be proletarians — blinded working men without class consciousness — our fight against them, even when it goes beyond the bounds of mere argument and agitation, is no fight between brothers. . . . What true working man has any sentiment of charity towards a strike breaker? We are fighting the "yellow" movement to the hilt, and do not consider it a struggle between brothers.' Bela Kun's brutal way of expressing himself only makes more obvious the fact that his plans and policies are a natural outcome of this dissension within the working class. His formula: 'Lead the masses to the left; shove their leaders to the right,' is being adopted here in Switzerland.

One must admit that the frankness with which Bela Kun opposes any attempt to disguise the tactics of the revolutionists is genuine and unaffected. He says that the Communist Party remains 'faithful to the teaching of the Communist manifesto, which can be realized only by the violent destruction of all social order.' One of the principal tasks, 'the special and peculiar task' of the Communist Party is, therefore, to arm the proletariat and to organize it for violence. The present condition of the Labor movement, according to him, is characterized by 'deadly legality.' A man recalling the sharp eye for personal safety exhibited by Bela Kun the moment a superior power appeared to crush his own usurped authority, might fancy his bold repudiation of lawful methods empty vaunting; but in taking due precaution to escape the violence of others when his own person was in danger, he was only copying his revolutionist companions. Furthermore, Bela Kun does not recommend premature, impulsive revolts. It is

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clear that he seeks to instil the doctrine of force among the masses by the employment of revolutionary slogans, so that they will be ready at any moment to prevent 'every restoration of Social order, even though it be apparent rather than real.' This is essentially the same idea which Swiss Radicals preach.

A still higher priest in the Bolshevik hierarchy than Bela Kun has advocated the same policy. Carl Radek, in his book entitled *The Evolution of World Revolution*, asserts: 'All sects and parties who have proposed reforms during the epoch of the Second International should be rated among the founders of the Third International.' Radek names them: Eugene Debs and De Lern in America; Jules Jeuste, Lorient, and Monnate in France; Rosa Luxemburg and Warske in Poland; Hoglund in Sweden and so on, with a whole series of radical leaders in the German Social Democratic movement. Communist internationalism is not distinguished from older socialism by fundamentally different theories and principles. It is merely a crystallization of all the revolutionary tendencies inherited from the old Social Democracy.

Both Radek's book and that of Bela Kun were written in prison, and both are notable documents. Radek's work affords us a deep glance into the confused complot which constitutes the world policy of Bolshevism. Bela Kun emphasizes more boldly the violent character of this policy, which proceeds upon the assumption that the bourgeoisie, alarmed by recent revolutionary events, will grasp only more firmly the weapons which give them their present control.

Another picture of what the working classes attain through the revolutionary acts of Bolshevism and semi-Bolshevism, is presented in a recent

book by one of the Social Democratic founders of Communist internationalism, Dr. Otto Bauer. He knows conditions in Russia from personal observation. Between one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand men constitute the Soviet power in that country. All the residents of Russia have been subjugated by this little Bolshevik group, a Soviet bureaucracy controlling industry, trade, labor organizations, and the army. According to Bauer, this small group orders about 'men and women at its discretion, forces them to work under military discipline, and constitutes an all-powerful dictatorship which bends to its pleasure the individual in all of his social relations, and leaves him no sphere of free personal activity. Thus a minute minority of a nation of a hundred million controls that nation absolutely. A new and terrible despotism has thus been created.'

Lenin, in his article entitled 'The Next Task of the Soviet government,' has pointed out clearly that this despotism is no transient phenomenon of Bolshevism, but its permanent characteristic. He states that every branch of manufacturing by machinery demands unconditional and absolute unity of control — the complete submission of the will of thousands to the will of a single man. He compares the organization of production to that of an orchestra under its leader so long as no one rebels; but the moment dissent and discontent appear they must be ruthlessly suppressed.

Not only is the working man deprived of his freedom under the Soviet or Communist system, but he is exposed to inevitable privations. You wonder if it is not pure madness when you read of Bela Kun saying in the same sentence that the working classes are forced to adopt Communism by their own privations, and adding im-

mediately: 'Communism does not indeed mean plenty. A historical necessity will compel the working people to pass through seven lean years before they reach the Communist paradise.' This is a view which is confirmed by the only practical business man who joined the Bolshevik government in Budapest, Professor Eugene Varga, who has just published a book entitled, *The Economic and Political Problems of Proletarian Dictatorship*. Varga is one of the Social Democratic leaders who allowed himself to be led astray by the Communists in the height of the crisis which brought them into power; but he is not so tractable as some of his followers who hastened back to their old comrades as soon as things went badly.

Varga still retains his Communist ideas, and has become convinced that a dictatorship of the proletariat is an economic necessity, because the old respect of the masses for authority and their obedience to labor discipline have been destroyed. Capitalism is bereft of power and counsel when faced by this situation — a condition which has convinced Varga that 'only a dictatorship of the proletariat will restore production.' He does not indeed anticipate an improvement in the living conditions of the working people for a long time to come. During the early stages of dictatorship 'a further lowering of the standard of living is unavoidable.' A dictatorship might seem to promise an immediate increase of wealth and comfort for the working people — at least many Radical Socialists anticipate this — because private wealth would be confiscated and equally distributed. Varga says, however, that this will not be the case. A dictatorship would not increase the food supply or improve factory conditions, but almost inevitably render them worse.

This is the conclusion of a member of the Hungarian Bolshevik government whose particular task was to reform the industrial organization of that country in accordance with Communist principles. Varga ascribes the difficulties which proletarian dictatorship would encounter to the fact 'that a generation of laboring people educated in the self-seeking ideals of the present age would acquire possession of the instruments of production.' A proletarian dictatorship is clearly impossible unless the rank and file of the people are so habituated to hunger that they can hold out until their leaders have erected a new paradise for them. This prospect does not intimidate Bela Kun and his colleagues. They are as determined as ever to drive the proletariat into a revolution — at least that part of the proletariat which is so blind as not to see 'the seven lean years,' which are the only sure things in sight if they succeed, and which constitute the truest symbol of Bolshevik rule.

[*Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Pro-French Liberal Daily), July 3]

A BRIDGE OVER THE ATLANTIC

BY P. R. SINGER

I HAVE just had a long interview with Dr. Cuno, general manager of the Hamburg-American Line, who has recently returned from New York; where he has concluded a shipping agreement with the Harriman interests. Mr. Ballin's genial successor related to me frankly the details of these negotiations and their ultimate purpose. I assured myself that his account of the situation was not too optimistic by a second interview with a prominent German-American financier, who chanced to be in Hamburg and who was intimately familiar, not

only with the course of these negotiations but with the general business situation in the United States. The later gentleman's opinion was summed up in the statement: 'The Hamburg-American Line will travel first class under this arrangement.' But it is not the Hamburg-America Company alone which is likely to profit by establishing this community of interest with the powerful Harriman group, but likewise German business in general. Such arrangements, not made between governments but between private firms who are brought together by commercial interests and find it to their advantage to work together, will establish a firm basis for coming business relations with the new world which are so profitable to both.

Mr. Cuno himself emphasized this point. He stated distinctly that the idea of concluding a contract with the Shipping Board, which represents the American government in maritime matters, had been given up before the German negotiators left for New York, on the strength of reports from their representatives in the latter city. Quite apart from the fact that in any country a private company is always embarrassed in dealing upon a business partnership basis with a government organization, there was the further consideration that the Shipping Board, even with the best will in the world, could not disregard entirely political influences; and also that this body controlled in the neighborhood of seven million gross tons of vessels, and that to try to operate in union with it would deprive the Hamburg-American Line of all freedom of action. Neither was it possible to deal with a group of American ship companies, of which there are some three hundred in existence. It is now generally known that the first attempt of the Hamburg-

American directors to deal with an American firm failed. They were wise enough, however, not to be discouraged by this, but continued their efforts until they eventually got into touch with the Harriman group. As soon as personal relations had been established in that quarter, it at once became evident that all parties were in practical agreement and could unite upon a formal contract. The general terms of this contract have already been arranged, and will serve as a scaffolding for a later, more detailed and more specific contractual arrangement, which will leave both parties free to exercise considerable initiative and be based upon the principal of complete reciprocal confidence and good will. It is evidence of the freedom left to both parties by this arrangement, and of the ease with which the latter accommodates itself to all possible future developments, that it has been made for the term of twenty years, with a provision, however, that either party may at any time and for sufficient reason take steps to modify the terms by mutual agreement.

In place of the exceedingly reserved attitude which characterized Americans for a time, there has recently appeared in the United States a certain change of sentiment in Germany's favor, due primarily to an abstract sentiment of justice on the part of the people, and a growing recognition of the common commercial and political interests of the two nations. Many prominent Americans showed a serious desire to assist Germany in its reconstruction because of their enlightened conviction that this was urgently demanded in the general interest. It is fair to assume that the broad-minded business leaders of America are anxious to be Germany's friends; at least they are fully resolved to build up a large

merchant marine and do not intend to be defeated in this enterprise by British or other competitors. Here is where the interests of Germany and the United States are identical, and where the people of the latter country are willing to extend the helping hand which our own representatives have so gladly seized. It was this spirit of friendly, mutual consideration which insured the success of the negotiations. It is a spirit exhibited in all the provisions of the agreement now under consideration by the Hamburg-American directors in this country.

The contract falls into the following parts:

(A) A German-American freight line between Hamburg and New York, to include later also passenger service, and to be extended to other American ports. This line will operate jointly so that there will be complete agreement between the two parties as to the number of ships each will supply and their size and type.

(B) The old lines of the Hamburg-American Company to other ports than those of the United States will be operated in such a manner that the Hamburg-American Company is to have the initiative in proposing rates, regulations, and tonnage. This network of lines will cover the east coast of South America, West Indies, the Mediterranean, the Levant, the Black Sea, the Persian Gulf, and Africa. Provisions regarding service to the Orient are reserved for later consideration, because the Hamburg-American Line is still bound by contracts made before the war, in particular its agreement with Ellerman and Holt.

It is particularly to be noted that the two partners to this agreement reserve the right to sub-contract their service to other ship companies with which they have friendly arrangements. For instance, this would permit the Hamburg-American Line, which formerly had an agreement with the Hamburg-South American Steamship Company regarding its La Plata service, to sub-contract with that corporation. Furthermore, it has been definitely agreed to resume operations on these routes as soon as possible.

The community-of-interest features which characterize this arrangement are further emphasized by the fact that each of the two parties retains its complete individuality, independence, and identity. This implies that each party will operate its own ships on its own account and under its own flag.

As soon as peace has been signed with the United States, Germany will be able to operate its vessels with its own officers and seamen. The rumor that the agreement is mainly of a profiteering character was explicitly denied by Director Cuno. The two partners will not pool their earnings, but keep them separate. It is the purpose of the contract to make available for both parties not only the wide experience of the Hamburg-American Line in shipping matters, but also its wharf and port facilities at Hamburg and other ports, including those in South America and the Orient. In return the Hamburg-American Company will have the use of the wharfs and other facilities of the American company in the United States. The two partners will have the same representatives in the principal foreign ports. First and foremost, however, the Hamburg-American Line will gradually reconstruct its own shipping facilities so as to assume its former independent position upon the highways of the sea.

The purpose of the agreement is to provide that each of the contracting parties shall be entitled to supply one half of the total tonnage to be employed on the lines operated in common, either with its own ships or with ships chartered by it. At first glance the German company will seem at a disadvantage, because it does not now own any ocean vessels while the American company has an imposing fleet. What opportunity does this leave us to participate in the business and to gain

anything from it? We may trust to the experienced managers of the Hamburg-American Line to find ways and means to obtain a tonnage they require when it is needed. Although Mr. Cuno could not, for obvious reasons, give me specific information on this point, we of course understand that it has been well considered whether it is really advisable to buy new ships just now, at a time when our exchange is rising and freights are falling and the price of vessels is also lowering. In all probability, vessels will be chartered for the time being either from American or other foreign owners. Mr. Cuno evidently considers it the wisest course to make haste slowly. Many Germans will naturally wish that at least part of the vessels belonging to our nation, which were seized by the United States during the war, might again appear in our harbors under the flag of the Hamburg-American Line. Mr. Cuno seemed to be of the opinion that it would be better to start the new job with entirely new tools. We cannot hope to reconquer our old prestige on the ocean with our old vessels, because their sale by public auction by the Shipping Board was prevented for the time being by the action of Mr. Hearst. Only American companies can acquire these ships, and they can operate only under the American flag and with American crews. Furthermore, it is doubtful whether it would be practical and profitable to buy the ships even if they were in the open market. Unhappily our once proud ocean greyhounds are sadly run down, and it would require considerable time and a vast expenditure to put them again in first-class condition.

It also seems more practical and prudent to push forward the programme for new construction already arranged, and thus to provide work for our shipyards at home and sub-

sistence for thousands of skilled German workmen, temporarily tiding over the shortage in tonnage with chartered ships.

This may seem to some a poor way to start out when we recall our former magnificent fleet. But it is not a time for wasting our energy upon fruitless regrets over the past. We must make the best of what we have, keep our eye on the future, and begin modestly.

[*The London Sunday Times* (Northcliffe Press), July 25]

ROAD VS. RAIL IN ENGLAND

BY LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

TO-DAY, taking into account all charges from point of origin to destination, road transport is cheaper and more expeditious than transport by rail, except for very heavy goods in bulk, and for long distances. Were it not that the government is subsidizing one form of transport — the railways — as against other forms of transport, such as roads, to the tune, according to Sir Eric Geddes, of about £1,000,000 a week, our railways would be bankrupt already.

Compared with a year ago there has been a constant rise in the cost of operating railways due to the increased cost of labor, materials, and a great increase in rates and taxes. A passenger and a ton of goods cost more to convey now than they have ever before since railways were started some eighty years ago. The point is already reached at which, with certain exceptions, transport by road is being used more and more, because it is actually cheaper. Moreover, the tendency for the cost of railway transport to increase will continue for some time to come, as far as one can see.

On the other hand, our roads will become better as time goes on. Road

traffic will be operated as a whole more cheaply, and before long a cheaper motive power other than the motor spirit used to-day will be available. Then there is the advantage of direct delivery from producer to consumer, from origin to destination, which will tell more and more as labor in handling becomes increasingly expensive. The outlook financially and scientifically is therefore distinctly in favor of road against railway transport.

I want my readers to realize, however, that I do not put these facts forward in any sense with an anti-railway bias. Railways are still a necessary part of the transport system of the country, and for certain classes of traffic they remain the best form of transport. It is also quite clear that some portion in the increase of railway costs was inevitable, for certain classes of railway servants were underpaid until quite recently, and their hours were too long. Therefore the increased cost in operating railways has in some respects been unavoidable for a long time past. It is equally clear that if railways are to survive financially, more revenue from passengers and freight, to cover expenses and produce a reasonable profit, must be obtained. But whether an increase of net revenue will be secured by a drastic increase in charges remains to be seen.

Some cry has been heard of late against the increase of public services by road by motor-buses. But road transport of this kind is the only means of competition the public has to make use of, for there is no competition between various railway systems now that they are under government control. For cross-country journeys there can be no doubt that mechanical road transport is nearly always quicker and cheaper — more comfortable and more popular. These public vehicles — an untold boon to the ordinary man

and woman not overblessed with this world's goods, yet desiring a healthy outing or a view of the country's beauty spots—provide the only alternative to the excessive fares now charged on railways.

An actual comparison in terms of miles and money between road and rail transport, according to the prices of to-day, is necessary, and my readers must not forget that by September 1, or some such date, railway fares are to be increased by another average all-round rise of about 50 per cent.

To get some idea of the relative costs we will take four classes of vehicles and endeavor to ascertain the approximate costs of running per mile. First of all, there is the *char-à-banc* or motor-bus conveying anything between twenty to forty people, according to size. Such a vehicle, taking everything—wages, fuel, depreciation, and a fair profit—into consideration, costs about 2s. 9d., or 33d. a mile, which, with an average of, say, thirty-three passengers—many vehicles take far more—works out at 1d. per mile per person. This compares with an average of 1½d. per mile for third-class rail fares now charged. And in practice in many cases the actual fares charged for passengers by road, say, from London to points on the South Coast, or from large centres, like Birmingham, Liverpool and Manchester, to surrounding beauty spots are less than a penny a mile rate, and compare, therefore, very favorably already with railway fares.

And then the passenger has no expense of a drive to a railway station, nor is he cooped up in a stuffy compartment; at the end of his journey he has no tips or expenses, as in many cases he is conveyed to the actual locality desired or to some very adjacent point. The road journey is slower,

but it is more comfortable and cheaper, and on a holiday an hour or two extra does not count. Thus nearly all journeys by road up to, say, 100 miles distance or a day's journey are now cheaper than by railway.

Now, we will take as a second instance the motor bicycle—the 'useful horse' of the road-using democracy. While one person drives the motor-cycle another can sit behind on a cushion, and sufficient luggage for both of them can also be strapped on. The average motor-cycle will run anything from 50 to 70 miles to a gallon of petrol, and cost less than 1d. a mile for tires, lubrication, and depreciation. If we put down the cost of running, therefore, at 1½d. per mile, we are on a safe basis, and at this 1½d. a mile the man and his friend or wife can accomplish 150 to 200 miles a day comfortably, as against 1½d. a mile each in third-class fares. In this case the expense of the journey is halved.

Now we come to the case of the average car,—of from, say, 12 horse-power to 25 horse-power, belonging to the man of moderate means,—whose owner used generally to travel first-class. The cost of running such a vehicle may be worked out in detail as follows, and I give this table below, for similar figures apply to the other types of vehicles I have dealt with.

	Per mile
Cost of fuel at 21 miles to the gallon (42d.).	2d.
Cost of tires on a basis of £12 10s. for four tires and tubes, or £50 in all, with a minimum life of 4000 miles (more mileage than this is very often obtainable).....	3d.
Lubricating oil, spares, depreciation, etc. (a generous allowance).....	2d.
Total cost.....	7d.

It will be noted that I have not put anything down in the two instances for wages of chauffeur or taxes for two reasons. In the first place, taxes will

have to be paid in any case, even if the car is left at home; and, secondly many cars are nowadays entirely run by their owners. Even if a chauffeur is employed for ordinary work in the country or town no extra expense is involved in using his services for journeys which would otherwise be taken by train. As against this 7*d.* a mile the cost of railway fares for a man, wife, and friend would work out as follows: three first-class tickets cost an average of 2½*d.* a mile — 7½*d.* per mile — so that the mileage cost for three persons is actually ½*d.* a mile less. And, remember, I have purposely kept my figures for road transport on the high side in order that these calculations should be correct. Moreover, in reality, the owner of the car and his friends save considerably more than appears, judged by the cost per mile, for they have no expenses to and from the stations, and pay no tips. Incidentals of this kind in the case of three first-class fares amount probably to not less than 5*s.* a head. It is clear, therefore, that in this case also the road vehicle is really cheaper than the railway.

Now we come lastly to the expensive high-powered car, which is, in theory — often in theory only — comparatively costly to run. And in this case I can do no better than quote my own experience of many years with a Rolls-Royce, of which I have kept careful accounts. The expense in this case would work out as follows: if we assume petrol as before, at the price of 42*d.* a gallon, the cost of fuel at 14 miles to the gallon (I often get well over 15 miles) works out at 3*d.* a mile. Tires, I find, average about 4*d.* a mile (I have personally run at a much cheaper rate than this), and lubricating oil, maintenance of electric batteries, etc., 1*d.* a mile, or 8*d.* a mile in all. In the case of the Rolls-Royce, however,

I have not got to burden my figures for depreciation, for a Rolls-Royce is nowadays worth a good deal more to sell, even after two or three years' wear, than when it was obtained from the makers. Of course, I admit this car is exceptional, and I may be pardoned, therefore, for saying that the Rolls-Royce of all high-powered cars is considerably the cheapest as well as the most delightful to run. But all high-powered cars of first-rate makes lose little in value if properly looked after. There is therefore but little to write off on this account.

The cost in comparison to railway traveling, therefore, in this last case works out as follows: assume that three persons are undertaking a journey, the expense works out, as before, at 7½*d.* a mile for three first-class fares, showing a difference against the car of only a halfpenny. This difference, as before, is more than made up in the case of persons going from London to the country and back by the saving they achieve in taxis, tips, etc., and two conveyances at the country end, which together amount to at least 10*s.* a head on the average.

In other words, in all these four cases, from collective to individual motoring, from the motor char-à-banc, the motor-cycle, the moderate-powered car, to the high-class powerful car, if the Ministry of Transport still further increases, as they may in their judgment be compelled to do, first-class fares to average 3*d.* a mile, and the third-class fare by a considerable percentage — to average, say, 1¼*d.* a mile — from the expensive car to the most inexpensive it will be cheaper, in the two cases for one passenger and in the two other cases for three passengers to go by road than by train from point to point. I am not dealing in these instances, of course, with long-distance night journeys to Scotland or remote

stations, over which a lower average of fares is charged.

As regards a comparison of goods traffic, this is a separate subject, which would take, if treated comprehensively, another article to deal with. But goods traffic is already, for many classes of goods, admittedly cheaper by road than by rail, and at the Rates Advisory Committee a few days ago a list was produced by the transport manager of Liptons for last year, which showed that already between the metropolis and towns as far off as 200 miles transport by road was as cheap, and mostly cheaper, than by railway.

I give the following four examples:

	Rail per ton.		Road per ton.
Brighton.....	36s. 6d.	32s. 6d.
Southend....	31s. 8d.	21s.
Bristol.....	53s.	45s.
Leeds.....	63s. 5d.	56s.

And it should be remembered also that in the case of road transport there is quicker delivery and far less risk of pilferage or breakage.

It is not their fault, but their fate and misfortune, that railways are fast drifting into insolvency. Their decline originates from the fact that just as railways superseded stage coaches, road transport is bound more and more to supersede rail transport, except for very heavy goods in bulk and for very fast long-distance journeys. Railways will probably have to go through a period of great difficulties, inevitably followed by financial reconstruction, in which the purely theoretical capital values of yesterday will have to be written down more in accordance with the actual values of to-day. Expenses of operation will also have to be drastically cut down in every direction, and revenue obtained.

[*Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Pro-French Liberal Daily), May 27]

A TRIP TO SOUTH AFRICA

BY COUNCILLOR RHODE

THIS is my eighth trip to South and Southwest Africa, and it is more than twenty-five years since I visited this country for the first time. On the Tuesday of last Easter week, I finally completed all the formalities, official and otherwise, required for my journey. When I arrived in London from Berlin, I discovered that the telegram reserving hotel accommodations which I had sent from Rotterdam had not yet arrived, and all the accommodations were taken. However, we discovered vacant rooms in a neighboring

hostelry. When we registered and entered our German nationality, the manager was called, who informed us in the most courteous manner that to his great regret he could not give Germans accommodations. A resolution of the directors of the corporation owning the hotel forbade his entertaining subjects of the former hostile governments. However, he immediately recommended four other hotels to us in which we could obtain rooms without difficulty. This proved to be the case. The first house to which we applied

readily took us in, and our treatment was as courteous and considerate as strangers could expect anywhere in a well managed hotel. I was not able to observe the slightest difference between my treatment now and my treatment before the war. Even the prices did not seem to have appreciably changed. I paid for a single room in the second story including service and a breakfast of several courses 12s. 6d., which was only what I used to pay in other London hotels of the same class.

This rejection at a single hotel is the only evidence of an unfriendly attitude which I experienced in London. I do not think that anyone would hesitate for a moment to put me down as a German on account of my appearance and on account of my accent. But, wherever I had occasion to have dealings, in government bureaus, restaurants, shops, public conveyances, and booking offices, I was treated in the most courteous manner. Let me say particularly that this was true whenever I had occasion to seek information from the model London 'bobbies.' Of course, it is never advisable to make one's German nationality unnecessarily conspicuous. But this is a precaution that any foreigner traveling in any foreign country should bear in mind. It is quite possible that speaking German too loudly in public might give offense, and lead to trouble.

Traffic on the principal streets of London is as dense as ever. But the old horse-busses have entirely disappeared, and are now replaced by thousands of auto-busses. The little two-wheeled London cabs have also become a rarity. A tour through Regent and Oxford streets with their brilliant show windows and their shops, and even a journey on the top of a bus through the remoter and poorer quarters of the town, where butcher and

baker shops and green grocers' establishments line the way, is likely to impress the German with a vivid consciousness of his own national misfortunes. It is not until we see these things concretely that we fully recall the comforts and luxuries we used to enjoy ourselves. Naturally, London has its own troubles. The prices of the necessities of life have increased decidedly. One would be aware of this merely by noting the numerous signs in the shops windows advertising the sale of a particular leader at pre-war prices. None the less, the general scale of comfort among the lower classes seems to have risen. You no longer see, as you used to do, ragged slouching idlers on the principal streets. The crowd of homeless men and women who used to sleep at night in doorways and under bridges, with only an old newspaper for their pillow, has ceased to exist so far as my personal observations went. Nor are one's eyes offended by the sight of drunken women in public, which used to seem so strange and repulsive to us Germans. Poverty has stepped up to a higher level. The London papers are filled with the complaints of young professional men, physicians and attorneys, who have lost their practice during the war and cannot reestablish themselves, and have no way of earning a living. Just as in Germany, their incomes are compared with those of cabmen and masons and porters, and government assistance in some way or other is demanded.

An extra train took the passengers of the Norman to Southampton. Here I had the pleasant surprise of finding that my entire cabin was at my sole disposal. It was, to be sure, an inside one; and later when we were in the tropics, I sometimes wondered whether the interior arrangements of the vessel had not been designed by a

crematory expert. Yet, in any long trip I prefer the worst single cabin to sharing the finest quarters on the ship with a stranger. In my numerous journeys, I have nearly always been fortunate enough to have my cabin to myself, but I still recall with a shudder a trip of several days which I once made along the coast of Southwest Africa, in which I shared a cramped stateroom with an old Boer who wore a leather shirt and was 'a Sunday washer.'

The Norman is one of the older mail steamers, built some twenty years ago, and does not possess many of the conveniences of a more modern vessel. But it is swift and steady, and its cabin and deck accommodations are roomy and comfortable, so we fared very well. The table was excellent. I think English cooking must have improved during the past few years. One indication of this is the disappearance of the formidable array of bottles of hot sauces which used invariably to accompany dinners aboard the British liners.

In the old days, stock jobbers and promoters from Johannesburg set the tone among travelers to South Africa. There was a great display of wealth, and still more pretense of possessing wealth. All that has now changed. The cabin passengers upon the Norman were mostly the kind of people one would expect to meet at a summer resort boarding house presided over by a major's widow. Government officials with their families, well-to-do farmers and manufacturers of South Africa, a fine old clergyman from the neighborhood of London, and several South African army officers returning home after demobilization, constituted practically all the party. I can not better describe the great change in the character of the traveling public than by saying that except for an occasional game of whist in the smoking

room, there was no card playing on board the vessel, and that not a single pool was formed to bet upon the ship's daily run.

My personal intercourse with these people during the delightful voyage was without exception of the pleasantest character. Germans may have a different experience on some vessels going to America or the Orient. But here, where all the passengers were either natives of South Africa, or going to reside there, not a trace of unfriendliness to Germany was observable. As a matter of course, a German first appearing in such a circle would do well to maintain reserve for a time. He should not push himself forward, or follow our home custom of introducing himself before taking his seat at table. Appreciating this from previous experience, I kept to myself at first, sat apart, spent my time reading and seldom spoke at table. After the first few days, however, passengers began to come up and start conversation. I was invited to take part in the deck sports and other social activities on board. In a word, I was given to understand that there was not the least personal hostility to me.

Later I spent hours discussing political matters with Englishmen; and in these conversations there was not the slightest trace of partisanship or ill-feeling, merely an effort calmly to explain their particular point of view. You win a better hearing from Englishmen, if you do not make the blunder so many Germans do, of blaming their own country for its policy before and after the war. Many times Englishmen have gone out of their way to tell me that they recognize that it is every man's duty to defend his own country, and that they have no use for a German who does not do this.

Another thing which the Englishmen with whom I talked often

mentioned, was the hope that good relations between Germany and England might be speedily reestablished. In the first place they desired this for humane reasons; and in the second place, the colonial English are without exception hostilely suspicious of Japan. England and Japan are outwardly very friendly; but the cosmopolitan Englishman is alarmed at Japan's increasing competition in every field of business, and is particularly incensed at the displacement of white labor by Japanese labor in the colonies. At present it is hardly possible to keep the Japanese out. Though they do not say much about it, the English quietly hope that America will call a halt on Japan's ambitions. It seems to be an article of faith with the English that war between Japan and the United States is inevitable. It was the unanimous opinion of the Englishman with whom I spoke personally upon this subject that Japan would be completely defeated in such a war. That country would perhaps win initial successes, but national pride would not permit America to tolerate a victory by the Japanese. If America lost thirty dreadnoughts it would build sixty new ones, and eventually its mighty resources would overwhelm the comparatively poor Asiatic monarchy. They said that England would shed no tears over Japan's grave.

We are apt to consider the English a poorly educated people because they are so ignorant of foreign languages. Among all the passengers of our steamer there was not a single one who knew a word of German, and I am quite certain that they were equally ignorant of French. On the other hand, however, the English read more translations than we do, and they are even better informed upon German thought and letters than we Germans

ourselves, proud as we often are to stammer a little French or English. Personally I have to confess frankly that I emerged from these literary conversations without much credit. One old gentleman was enthusiastic over Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, which he had read in translation, and was obviously much surprised that my memory of that book was very cloudy. I did not come off much better when he turned the conversation to old Sebastian Bach in Leipzig, and asked me some details of the latter's life. Such thoroughly read men were not exceptional among the passengers. Another questioned me regarding Haeckel, Nietzsche, Delitzsch, and Harnack so minutely that I felt considerably humiliated to discover how little I really knew about these gentlemen.

On April 26 (promptly at the scheduled time), we reached Cape Town. The good old colonial capital, regarding which crusty old Consul-General Schuckmann once remarked that its characteristic feature was that every street had a different stench, has changed very little since I saw it last. The principal avenues are as dignified and imposing as ever, and the side streets just as dirty and dreary as ever. Europeans are impressed in the poorer parts of the city with the degradation which the white race suffers when it is forced to live in intimate contact with the blacks. But the surroundings of the town are as enchanting as of old. They need not shrink from comparison with the fairest parts of the Riviera, and are a grateful relief after some of the unpleasant sights of the town itself.

In the old days a man who wanted to get to Swakopmund from Cape Town was forced to take a little steamer called the *Leutwein*, whose captain used to wager twenty marks

with passengers who boasted that they never got seasick that they would be so so on his ship. Now there are two express trains a week between the two towns. Early in the war the South African troops connected the railways of the Confederation with those of German South West Africa, building a new station called Upington at the junction, and thus making the former German roads part of their own system.

The Southwest African express, which leaves Cape Town Thursday evening, arrives in Windhoek early Monday morning and Swakopmund the same night. The trip consequently takes as much time, or a little more, than the journey by sea formerly required. If asked which was the more comfortable in South Africa, a trip of several days at sea or one of equal duration on the railway, I would at once speak in favor of the latter. The coaches are considerably larger than we have in Germany, which is a particular advantage in case of the dining car. The roomy first class compartments accommodate four people. The second class compartments, in other respects the same, are arranged for six passengers. One great convenience is the observation platforms at both ends of the coaches, from which a traveler gets an excellent view of the passing landscape. The food on the dining cars is excellent. Except at meal times these cars likewise serve as smoking rooms. Each menu card contains the name of the cook, an excellent idea, for it makes the man proud of his work.

Picturesque scenery is found only during the first part of the trip, where the train winds its way through wild and romantic mountains which were flooded with enchanting moonlight and afforded us a marvelous and unforgettable view. After that the road

crosses a high plateau. Plains extend to the horizon on every hand, interrupted here and there by a little settlement or a solitary farmhouse. You travel for hours without seeing a man or a head of live stock. Although it was immediately after the rainy season, for long distances we saw not a blade of grass. There was an improvement in this respect as we neared the frontier of Southwest Africa. It was obvious why the Cape colonists have always cast such a greedy eye upon our protectorate, and why so many settlers from British South Africa are moving into the latter region. The southern part of our old colony has recently had abundant rain, as it had in 1915, when all the water holes and rivers were filled to the brim and the meadows were covered with luxuriant herbage — to the comfort and delight of the advancing British troops.

After we crossed the borders of former Southwest Africa the character of our fellow travelers changed. Germans appeared at every station and English was rarely heard, most of the conversation being either in German or in Cape Dutch. Even the dining-car waiters spoke German and a lady from Transvaal, whom I had hitherto supposed to be by birth and ancestry an Englishwoman, turned out to have been born in the suburbs of Berlin. We arrived at Windhoek promptly on Sunday morning and I determined to stay here a few days. As I left the train there occurred vividly to my memory my first arrival back in 1894. At that time I had come by wagon from Whale Bay, and our oxen having foundered before we reached the town, I had been obliged to complete the journey on foot. Then the few inhabitants stood around and stared at the stranger in their midst. Again twelve years later I saw Windhoek already greatly changed. In 1912 it

was the seat of the government and the principal garrison town of the Protectorate. So it was a place principally of officials and soldiers, although it had an active trade with the farmers in the vicinity. To-day the town is thronged with immigrants from Cape Colony. On every hand you see new shops and banks; business of every kind is active and there are four newspapers, two printed in German, one in Dutch, and one in English. Where formerly ox wagons toiled laboriously through the long dusty main street of the town, autos dash by. There are a hundred and twenty of these registered in the district. The town has eight taxis besides several cabs. German is still the most common language on the shop signs; but the English merchants who have recently come in, already find it superfluous to add a German sign to the one in their own language. Indeed many of the German residents seem to think it a fine thing to make their business known in English. An important German firm has already converted its establishment into a 'Bottle Store' without, however, making itself popular with English clients by this device.

I met an old friend in Southwest Africa, who was very welcome — our German silver money. German coins are current everywhere with a few fractional English coins. It is like getting back to the Germany of before the war to feel old five, three, two and one mark pieces and fifty pfennig pieces jingling in your pocket. No one thinks of hoarding them; the mark exchanges at par for the English shilling. Indeed, the English pound is here worth only eighteen marks, even in official exchange. Did England ever dream that a time would come when the pound note would fall below par exchange with the money of a defeated enemy, even in its own colonies!

[*Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative Daily,
British Occupied Territory),
July 19]

MUNICH'S PALACE MUSEUM

AFTER the new rulers of Bavaria had ejected the royal family from the ancestral palaces it had occupied for centuries, the country was deluged with socialist proposals to utilize these edifices for public purposes. Eventually the custodian of the former crown estate persuaded the authorities to set aside the Munich palace as an historical monument of the old régime, in the interest of science, art, and popular education. After Parliament had approved this project and provided a staff for the new institution, a corps of specialists was set to work classifying and arranging the contents of the vast building. It would have been the task of years to accomplish this — for the palace contains the treasures of centuries — if the former custodians had not already prepared the way. As it is, the new Palace Museum was thrown open to the public late last May.

Some parts of the great structure were open to visitors at stated hours in the days of the kingdom. However, the casual glance at a few rooms, though it might gratify vulgar curiosity, was of little advantage to the student or artist. Now all the building will be open to the public; and the scholar, the artist, or the connoisseur may study to his heart's content the vast wealth of beautiful things in this great treasure-house of royal luxury. So far seventy-five rooms have been opened, and their collections range from the renaissance, through the baroque and rococo periods, down to the classic era of the nineteenth century. The furniture, ornaments, and objects of art include master pieces from Germany, the Netherlands, France, Italy, and the Orient. Here one finds the very

best in stone, metal, wood, porcelain, bronze, and tapestries, which the architects, the sculptors, painters, and craftsmen of the world have been able to furnish. Seen in their present surrounding and arrangement, they afford the cultivated eye an æsthetic pleasure which it will find in no ordinary museum. The palace collection is peculiar in this sense, that the pieces are not arranged according to any formal principle or classification, but according to their original purpose in the decorative arrangement of the rooms they occupy. Every hall, salon, and chamber constitutes a habitable unit, in which architectural decorations, furniture, and other adornments form a harmonious whole.

Even the thirty rooms which were formerly open to the public present today an entirely changed appearance; for their contents have been enriched by remarkable treasures hidden away in forgotten corners of the ancient palace. A still greater wealth of beauty is revealed in the forty-five rooms of the so-called Electoral Princes' suite, of the Black Hall, of the Kings and Queens suite, with the adjoining winter garden, of the Stone Room, and of the Court Garden Room.

The Black Hall, erected between 1579 and 1597, in the reign of Duke William V, and rebuilt about 1625 under Maximilian I, takes us back to the period of the renaissance, when Italian influence was dominant. This hall gets its name from the portal and fireplace of black marble. Next we have the Court Chapel, built between 1601 and 1603, and the adjoining Stone Room, built between 1611 and 1617 as the residence of electoral Prince Maximilian I. In these structures the doorways and mantels are colored marble. Enrico Zuccali was the architect of the Stone Room, and Peter Candid, who had been a student of Vasari in Italy,

painted the frescoes, with the assistance of German artists of his own school. The rich, brilliantly gilded stucco ornamentation of these rooms already suggests the baroque, having been restored after a fire late in the seventeenth century. An imperial stairway with its approaches, erected in 1616, is perhaps the finest example of renaissance and late renaissance ornamentation existing in Germany. The decoration of the vaulted roofs with stucco and brilliant grotesque painting affords a wonderful example of the originality of German artists working after Italian models. Another example of the renaissance period at its height, dating from the reign of Maximilian I, is the Trêves Room. Here the somewhat gloomy and dignified ornamentation has been supplemented later by baroque additions. The dark bays of the roofs are enlivened by paintings by Peter Candid and Christian Wink. Even the frieze is painted; while the walls are hung with Brussels and Munich tapestries. A sleeping room has silk-embroidered tapestries showing upon a black ground Oriental scenes. Some of the smaller rooms of this suite of nine chambers have later been redecorated in rococo style, with bright open spaces, one of which contains pastels of the Saxon royal family painted by Rosalda Carriera.

One finds in the Papal suite the finest example of the baroque period with its luxuriant and unmeasured prodigality of color and ornamentation. These rooms were originally planned under Maximilian I, and were reconstructed under the electoral Prince Ferdinand Maria between 1665 and 1667, after plans by the Italian architect Agostino Barelli. They were originally intended to be the luxurious abode of the latter Prince's Savoy bride. Their purpose is still indicated by the capricious, ornate furnishing

of the four rooms, which exhibit a greater wealth of color, a greater prodigality of gilding on the roofs and about the doors and windows than any other portions of the palace. This harmonious and isolated group of rooms is indeed pervaded by a fairy-like charm. Their present name neither corresponds with their character nor their original purpose. It is due to the accident that Pope Pius VI occupied for a few days on his journey to Vienna, in 1782, the apartments which had been originally prepared for the spoiled and pampered Princess bride of the old Elector. The paintings on the ceiling are by Antonio Triva, J. H. Schoenfeld, and Kaspar Amort. St. George's Hall, erected in 1680, affords another example of the excessive decoration of the baroque period.

Three groups of chambers in the palace constitute one of the most brilliant triumphs of the rococo era. Certainly no other royal palace in Germany, and probably none in Europe, possesses a more brilliant and richer display of the fanciful, playful, overflowing capriciousness of this period of art, which is consistently followed throughout the interior decoration, and even in the design of the richly inlaid and bentwood furniture.

A suite constructed under the supervision of the architects François Cuvillés and Joseph Essner, by the electoral Prince Karl Albrecht, between 1726 and 1737, is appropriately named 'The Rich Rooms.' No other apartments in the palace can compare with them in respect to wealth of decoration and contents. A dazzling symphony of red, white, and gold dominates the color scheme, except in the Green Gallery, which connects two halls in a T arrangement, and in the Mirror and Miniature rooms. All eight chambers are characterized by a prodigal expenditure of brilliant gold stucco and

carved decorations. The fertile imagination and originality of native artists has covered walls, portals, and ceilings with a network of gilded carving so luxuriant and radiant as to make the apartments a sort of fairyland. One never tires of studying the fanciful, luxuriant screens and tracteries of artificial plants and vines, almost exceeding the work of nature itself in their riot of sportive freedom. Beyond the gorgeous sleeping room are small reception rooms and a mirrored chamber, where are arranged up to the very ceiling a wonderful collection of exquisite Asiatic and Meissner porcelain. Then comes the Miniature Room, whose walls are hung from top to bottom with a multitude of little copies of masterpieces of every kind, by Italians, Dutchmen, French, and Germans, uniformly framed in bronze. Red, white, gold, and light gold are also dominant in the ten Electoral Princes' rooms. These are bright apartments, designed by the architect Joseph Gunetsrhainer in 1748, for the electoral Prince Maximilian III. These chambers are likewise adorned with rich gold carvings which cover walls and ceilings, testifying to the masterly skill of the native artisans of the period. The walls are hung with paintings by Joachim Sandrart, Jakob Dorner, Edlinger, Roos, Karl Loth, Desmarées, and Canaletto. In the eight Court Garden apartments the last of the rococo merges into the first examples of the classic style. These rooms were erected during the reign of the electoral Prince Maximilian IV, who later became Joseph, King of Bavaria. The architect Pouille has designed here a bright, cheerful suite, dominated by carved decorations of gilded wood upon a white ground. These do not exhibit the delicate, playful ease and lightness of the carvings in the rooms we have just described, but in the last of these

chambers, an exquisite little Mirror room for *tête-à-têtes*, they reach a perfection which is literally the *dernier cri* of the rococo type of beauty.

After leaving the long series of apartments which still recall the joyous warmth and courtly gallantry of the eighteenth century, we first greet in the Hercules Hall which Karl Theodor erected, in The White Hall of King Maximilian Joseph, and in the King's and Queen's apartments, all built in the nineteenth century, the formal restraint of modern classicism. The ornamentation is rectilinear and simple. The confusing but attractive wealth of curves and colors ceases, to be succeeded by restrained reserve and dignity, verging here and there upon an almost tiresome rigidity. The color scheme is light and subdued. The very simple White Hall, with its cheerful lighting and roomy proportions, decorated with white and gold touched here and there by a suggestion of blue, is at the same time attractive and imposing. A long suite added by King Ludwig I along the south front, beyond the Court Theatre Square, contains sixteen rooms which have been arranged to form a museum illustrating the history of art during his period, and which bear the stamp of his personality and of the classic style of his architect, Leo von Klenze. An atmosphere of learning and letters pervades these rooms. Their

furnishings illustrate a single style, designed by Klenze from careful study of antique models. The frescoes and plastic decorations are partly copies of ancient originals, particularly Pompeian wall paintings and Etruscan vase paintings, and partly representations of scenes from German and Greek poets. Schwind, Kaulbach, Heinrich Hess, Foltz, Neurenther, Lindenschmitt, Hermann, Gassen, Hiltensperger, and other painters of the romantic and classic schools are represented. Schwanthaler and even Thorwaldsen worked upon the plastic ornamentation. In some rooms below, which have not yet been open to the public, Schnorr von Karolsfeld has a series of frescoes illustrating the Nibelungen. So this group of rooms portrays in miniature the whole Ludovician art epoch. Indeed this is what gives these rooms their particular value, for the artistic merit of their design, decoration, and individual contents does not equal that of the apartments of the previous centuries.

This is a very brief summary of the contents of the new Palace Museum, so far as they are now on exhibition. Many other beautiful things remain to be made accessible to the public in the future, but already this Museum ranks among the best in Germany, and affords an example which it is to be hoped will be imitated elsewhere.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

URNS AND FILMS

THE news that London is to have a *Grand Guignol* of its own, devoted to blood-curdling little dramas sets me thinking of the melodramas which have vanished before the vulgarizing tide of the movies. The best ones were of British origin, and had to do with wicked earls who deserted lovely and loving commoner's daughters and tore up the proofs of their secret marriages; they dealt with humble heroes, with native risings in British colonies, and brave but penniless younger sons who brought the tidings to lonely farms on the veldt, and held the stockade till the dashing troopers arrived; there were battles, shipwrecks, and collisions. A brave world of honest old romance still holding reality by the hand. And to think that it has vanished before the film and its push-cart manipulators! In the old days, the wicked earl was a real wicked earl, a tall, dark, villainous aristocrat, with just the intonation and manner that a stage aristocrat needs in melodrama. The wicked earl of the movies is a vulgarian without presence or illusion, moving in incredibly vulgar surroundings to perform some rascally act in the style of one push-cart peddler out-doing another in some shady transaction concerning a barrow of tainted pears. In its British form the melodrama, *The Whip*, was delightful; as a 'movie' it was quite unspeakable.

But the quarrel is not with the movie which is an amazing thing, capable of certain limited developments as an art form, but with the

vulgarians who batten upon the vulgarity of Demos the gum lover. Shall we ever get to real movies? Not unless the cultivated minority which can sometimes lead Demos by the nose will take a serious interest in the film. But this class rarely go to the movies, and in the judgment of several observers, is turning away from the screen entirely.

Now the melodrama is an art form particularly suited to the screen, for it is essentially a business of pure action. Yet there is surprisingly little good melodrama to be seen. Instead of action, there are long and oh, so tiresome, 'oose-dearie-is-oo?' kind of scenes, and hideous 'close-ups' which make one shudder — oh those giant eyelashes — those giant pores — those giant tears like gold fish globes! When will it stop?

Probably when Demos stops chewing gum.

H. B. B.

THE Abbey Theatre is to reopen at the beginning of next month. Several of its players have been spending a part of the vacation in film-acting. The production has been staged at Kilcool, on the coast of County Wicklow. Dublin will not have the opportunity of comparing the Abbey players on the boards of their theatre with their shadows on the cinematograph screen, for, though there is a modest native film industry, the films which the Abbey players have been assisting to make at Kilcool are, I understand, for

production only in the United States.

MR. BASIL DEAN has just returned from Paris in order to supervise the rehearsals for the dramatized version of Mr. De Vere Stacpoole's *The Blue Lagoon*. It will not be produced at the St. Martin's Theatre, where *The Skin Game* is proving so successful that no change of programme is anticipated before the end of the year. Mr. George Harris is designing the scenery for the production, while Mr. Clive Carey has completed the *Blue Lagoon Suite*, which gives evidence that the musical portion of the entertainment will be by no means the least interesting.

ON August 22, at the Belgian village of Saint Vincent-le-Rossignol, a memorial mass was sung for Ernest Psichari, the famous French soldier mystic. An altar of stone surmounted by a canopy will be erected to his memory.

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE has returned to England from Capri for the purpose of acquiring a yacht, on which he proposes to sail for the South Seas.

THERE is, says the *Revue Bleue*, a Defoe fashion in France at the moment. *Moll Flanders*, *Roxana*, *Colonel Jack*, *History of the Plague*, and *Captain Singleton* are all revived in old or in new versions. This is as it should be; and, what is more, the same journal asks for a *Tom Jones* or a *Roderick Random*. Poems of Shelley are translated in the July issue of *Les Marges*, while in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* André Gide prints his version of *Antony and Cleopatra*. *The Playboy of the Western World*, translated by M. Maurice Bourgeois, appears in his new dress as *Le Baladin du Monde Occidental* from La Sirène, Paris.

A CURRENT copy of the *Observer* reprints Max Beerbohm's most entertaining tale of his first meeting with Swinburne.

Swinburne's entry was for me a great moment. Here, suddenly visible in the flesh, was the legendary being and divine singer. Here he was, shutting the door behind him as might anybody else, and advancing — a strange small figure in gray, having an air at once noble and roguish, proud and skittish. My name was roared to him. In shaking his hand, I bowed low, of course; and he, in the old aristocratic manner, bowed equally low, but with such swiftness that we narrowly escaped concussion. You do not usually associate a man of genius, when you see one, with any social class; and, Swinburne being of an aspect so unrelated as it was to any species of human kind, I wondered the more that almost the first impression he made on me, and would make on anyone, was of a very great gentleman indeed. Not of an old gentleman, either. Sparse and straggling though the gray hair was that fringed the immense pale dome of his head, and venerably haloed though he was for me by his greatness, there was yet about him something — boyish? girlish? childish, rather; something of a beautifully well-bred child. But he had the eyes of a god, and the smile of an elf. . . .

Directly after my introduction, we sat down to the meal. Of course I had never hoped to 'get into touch with him' reciprocally. Quite apart from his deafness, I was too modest to suppose he could be interested in anything I might say. But — for I knew he had once been as high and copious a singer in talk as in verse — I had hoped to hear utterances from him. And it did not seem that my hope was to be fulfilled. Watts-Dunton sat at the head of the table, with a huge and very

Tupperesque joint of roast mutton in front of him, Swinburne and myself close up to him on either side. He talked only to me.

This was the more tantalizing because Swinburne seemed as though he were bubbling over with all sorts of notions. Not that he looked at either of us. He smiled only to himself, and to his plateful of meat, and to the small bottle of Bass' pale ale that stood before him — ultimate allowance of one who had erst clashed cymbals in Naxos. This small bottle he eyed often and with enthusiasm, seeming to waver between the rapture of broaching it now and the grandeur of having it to look forward to. He, evidently, was quite gay, in his silence — and in the world that was for him silent. I had, however, the maddening suspicion that he would have liked to talk. Why would n't Watts-Dunton roar him an opportunity? I felt I had been right perhaps in feeling that the lesser man was — no, not jealous of the greater whom he had guarded so long and with such love, but anxious that he himself should be as fully impressive to visitors as his fine gifts warranted.

Not, indeed, that he monopolized the talk. He seemed to regard me as a source of information about all the latest 'movements,' and I had to shout banalities while he munched his mutton — banalities whose one saving grace for me was that they were inaudible to Swinburne. Had I met Swinburne's gaze, I should have faltered. Now and again his shining light-gray eyes roved from the table, darting this way and that — across the room, up at the ceiling, out of the window; only never at us. Somehow this aloofness gave no hint of indifference. It seemed to be, rather, a point in good manners — the good manners of a child 'sitting up to table,' not 'staring,' not 'asking questions,' and reflecting

great credit on its invaluable old nurse. The child sat happy in the wealth of its inner life; the child was content not to speak until it were spoken to; but I felt it did want to be spoken to. And, at length, it *was*.

So soon as the mutton had been replaced by the apple pie, Watts-Dunton leaned forward and 'Well, Algernon,' he roared, 'how was it on the Heath today?' Swinburne, who had meekly inclined his ear to the question, now threw back his head, uttering a sound that was like the cooing of a dove, and forthwith, rapidly, ever so musically, he spoke to us of his walk; spoke not in the strain of a man who had been taking his daily exercise on Putney Heath, but rather in that of a Peri who had at long last been suffered to pass through Paradise. And rather than that he spoke would I say that he cooingly and flutingly sang of his experience. The wonders of this morning's wind and sun and clouds were expressed in a glow of words so right and sentences so perfectly balanced that they would have seemed pedantic had they not been clearly as spontaneous as the wordless note of a bird in song. The frail, sweet voice rose and fell, lingered, quickened, in all manner of trills and roulades. That he himself could not hear it, seemed to me the greatest loss his deafness inflicted on him. One would have expected this disability to mar the music, but it did n't; save that now and again a note would come out metallic and over-shrill, the tones were under good control. The whole manner and method had certainly a strong element of oddness; but no one incapable of condemning as unmanly the song of a lark would have called it affected.

To disentangle one from another of the several occasions on which I heard him talk is difficult because the procedure was so invariable: Watts-Dunton always dictating when I arrived,

Swinburne always appearing at the moment of the meal, always the same simple and substantial fare, Swinburne never allowed to talk before the meal was half over. As to this last point, I soon realized that I had been quite unjust in suspecting Watts-Dunton of selfishness. It was simply a sign of the care with which he watched over his friend's welfare. Had Swinburne been admitted earlier to the talk, he would not have taken his proper quantity of roast mutton. So soon, always, as he had taken that, the embargo was removed, the chance was given him. And, swiftly though he embraced the chance, and much though he made of it in the courses of apple pie and of cheese, he seemed touchingly ashamed of 'holding forth.' Often, before he had said his really full say on the theme suggested by Watts-Dunton's loud interrogation, he would curb his speech and try to eliminate himself, bowing his head over his plate; and then, when he had promptly been brought in again, he would always try to atone for his inhibiting deafness by much reference and deference to all that we might otherwise have to say. 'I hope,' he would coo to me, 'my friend Watts-Dunton, who'—and here he would turn and make a little bow to Watts-Dunton—'is himself a scholar, will bear me out when I say'—or 'I hardly know,' he would flute to his old friend, 'whether Mr. Beerbohm'—here a bow to me—'will agree with me in my opinion of' some delicate point in Greek prosody or some incident in

an old French romance I had never heard of.

Good Professor Saintsbury, author of the *History of the French Novel*, has published a history of his wine cellar. The volume is entitled *Notes from a Cellar Book*. Mr. Squire writes that it is 'full of reminiscences, anecdotes, and literary allusions; it is a sturdy polemic against the enemies of drink; and it is an old man's pæan to Dionysus for the blessings that god has bestowed on him. There is in every line the glow of enthusiasm, tempered by humor.' He tells 'to the glory of my family' the story of an impecunious maiden-aunt who, having been ordered Burgundy by her oculist (of all people!), tried various brands and finally pitched on a horribly expensive Richebourg, with the innocent remark, 'After all, my dear boy, the best always is the best.' He describes with loving detail the transformation of the doctor who, at first grave when he heard that his patient had been given port, was persuaded to taste Dr. Saintsbury's '73:

He drank it as port should be drunk—a trial of the bouquet; a slow sip; a rather larger and slightly less slow one, and so on; but never a gulp; and during the drinking his face exchanged its usual bluff and almost brusque aspect for the peculiar blandness—a blandness as of Beulah if not of Heaven itself—which good wine gives to worthy countenances. And when he set the glass down he said, softly but cordially, 'That won't do her any harm.'

A tantalizing book!

[*The Telegraph*]

LINCOLN'S PERSONALITY: AN ENGLISH STUDY

BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

HAMLET without the irresolution is the term I dared once to apply to Abraham Lincoln. It is not, of course, a perfect analogy, but it is not far from it. In Lincoln, as in Hamlet, there is the same conflict between the man and the conditions which he had to face; to Lincoln as much as to Hamlet the world was out of joint; and though Lincoln sought for and was overjoyed to get the Presidency, he often lamented the cursed fate that gave him the task of setting the tragic world right. In Lincoln, as in Hamlet, there is the sharp contrast of different qualities; of pity and of a sense of the necessary ruthlessness of a great duty; of self-doubt and of self-confidence; above all, an ever-brooding melancholy that sicklied o'er even the most joyous or triumphant hours. For at bottom Lincoln was always sad. All his intimates knew it — Herndon, the law partner, who has given us the best biography of Lincoln, describes him as seated in their office, silent and isolated, with melancholy 'dripping' from him. It was partly temperament; but it was temperament influenced by environment; and, above all, and in the later and saddest days, by the environment of his unhappy home.

The ancestry of Lincoln is not quite certain. Like everything else in the life of a central figure in a terrible struggle, even his ancestry has become the battleground of love and hate. The Southerners, among whom he was born, always contended that he was himself illegitimate, that his father was not the

shiftless, nomadic, penniless carpenter and farmer who had his occasional spree and could scarcely read or write, but a Virginian squire in whose house Nancy Hanks, the mother of Abraham Lincoln, had spent part of her youth. Lincoln himself is quoted by one of his intimates as so far acknowledging this part of the story as to say that Nancy Hanks, his mother, was herself illegitimate, and came from the genteel stock of the Southern aristocracy; and, indeed, in a conversation, when he departed from his usual reticence with regard to his origin and early days, Lincoln refers to this mixture of blood as the secret source of some of his powers.

Whether Thomas Lincoln was his father or not, it is certain that it was from his mother that Lincoln derived most of his qualities. She was a pretty, fragile woman, looking delicate enough to be consumptive; amiable and usually cheerful, but often swept by melancholy, and evidently of the neurotic temperament that lends itself to religion in its hysterical forms. She and her sisters used to take part in the revival services which help to lighten sometimes the monotony of life among the very poor in the rural districts of Kentucky. There is a description extant of one of these revival services which, in its mixture of wild, religious shouts and dances, suggesting both the Dervish and the tango, wound up in floods of tears and ardent embraces that make it scarcely distinguishable from an orgie. This is the kind of

parent from whom you might expect a son with the dramatic possibilities that make the orator and the prophet rather than from the good-natured, thriftless, careless, and bibulous father that Thomas Lincoln was.

Nancy Hanks died young; and Abraham had to be satisfied with a step-mother — an excellent woman, however, of whom he always spoke with the greatest affection. He had a very hard childhood and boyhood; so hard that it was difficult ever to get him to speak of it in after life. From his father he did certainly inherit one defect; he was a poor money-maker; every attempt he made to gain fortune failed; he was poor from the beginning to the end. Perhaps also there were so many things humiliating in these early experiences that Lincoln was pained by their recall; as Charles Dickens was when he told the story of his boyhood in a blacking factory. Anyhow, Lincoln as a child had to take part in two flittings, all under the pressure of poverty, and the work of migration had to be done on foot — the wagons were required for the scanty furniture. Lincoln was urged by his father to learn his own trade of carpenter, but he preferred the odd and the ready job of the unskilled laborer, and his first money was earned in splitting log rails; he had had to learn that art to help in building the log cabin in which he and his found refuge.

He tried a good many things: he was for a while a shopkeeper, and the fact that liquor was among the things that he sold was used against him in his fight with his greatest rival, Stephen A. Douglas. The reply of Lincoln was that the customer had more acquaintance with the liquor than the seller. Douglas was well known to be addicted to the bottle. For a while, Lincoln was a surveyor; for a while a postmaster. But undoubtedly his failure in most of

the odd jobs he undertook was due to that incurable hatred of manual labor which is instinctive in a man who is conscious of great intellectual possibilities. All the employers of young Lincoln complained of his listlessness in manual work. 'He worked for me,' said one of these employers, 'but was always reading and thinking. I used to get mad at him for it. I say he was awful lazy. He would laugh and talk, crack his jokes, and tell stories all the time; did n't love work half as much as his play. He said to me one day that his father taught him to work, but he never could teach him to like it.' His record as a shopkeeper is equally poor. Always hungry for knowledge and for books, he forgot everything else but them, with the result that the intending customer at Abraham's shop found that the owner 'would stretch out at his full length on the counter, his head propped upon a stack of calico prints; or he would steal away to the shade of some inviting tree and there spend hours at a time in a determined effort to fix in his mind the arbitrary rule'; 'the arbitrary rule,' it should be explained, was contained in 'Kirkman's Grammar,' a book Lincoln was laboriously attempting to master.

Everywhere he goes in these early days you find the same traces. One feature stands out in all these stories: his extraordinary power of attracting attention by his tongue. He was the hero of another store before he took one of his own — the store was the local forum — and one who saw Lincoln in those days says, 'His jokes and stories were so odd, original, and witty, all the people in the town would gather round him. He would keep them till midnight. Abe was a good talker, a good reader, and a kind of newsboy.' Finally, on this point — it is one of the clues to his character and career — Lincoln was conscious, dimly perhaps,

but conscious, of these extraordinary gifts of his even when he was little more than a child. While still a poor laborer in the fields 'he could not resist the temptation to mount the nearest stump and practice on his fellow laborers. The latter would flock round him, and active operations would cease when he began.'

It will thus be seen that this man, who, when he came to Washington, was regarded as a mere illiterate, thrown up by the eccentricities and follies of democratic institutions, had in reality been graduating from almost his earliest hours in the very arts by which democracies are ruled. Another factor in this training of Lincoln must also be noticed by those who want to draw a real picture of the man, and not a plaster of Paris caricature of saintly, impossible, and perhaps odious virtue. Lincoln was brought up in a community of rough men; physical strength and physical contests were an essential part of their amusement, and Abraham Lincoln, six feet four inches in height, tremendously muscular, was often in the midst of those scenes of muscular competition. One of Lincoln's earliest admirers used to boast that he 'could outrun, whip, or throw down any man in Sangamon county'; it was the country where Lincoln was then living. There was a quarter in Lincoln's town at the time where the boys were especially turbulent; it was called Clary's grove, and when Clary's grove heard there was a bet on Lincoln as a champion against anybody that Clary's grove could put forward, there was an inevitable acceptance of the challenge; and a match was arranged between Lincoln and Jack Armstrong, whom Clary's grove chose as its champion; here is a contemporary record:

All New Salem adjourned to the scene of the wrestle. Money, whiskey, knives, and all manner of property were staked on the result. Everyone

knows how it ended; how at last the tall and angular rail splitter, enraged at the suspicion of foul tactics, and profiting by his height and the length of his arm, fairly lifted the great bully by the throat and shook him like a rat.

The end of the story, as told by this primitive writer, is delightful: 'Now by this he established himself solidly in the esteem of New Salem, and secured the respectful admiration and friendship of the very man whom he so thoroughly vanquished.'

One other habit Lincoln inherited from these rough surroundings, and that was a certain tendency, like that of all most great humorists—for Lincoln was one of the world's greatest humorists—to what may be called the Rabelaisian. There is in public America an almost more groveling attitude of submission to Mrs. Grundy than even in England. In private there, as here, in the smoke room as apart from the drawing room, people speak with more plainness and more sincerity, with the result that it is only in private conversation that you are regaled with some specimens of Lincoln's wit of this kind. The stories are no more nasty than the roisterings of Falstaff's speech; they are always to the point, and they never offend any taste but that of the nice man with nasty ideas. Some of his biographers of the period say things too precious to ignore, as, for instance, Mr. A. T. Ellis, who accompanied Lincoln in some of his early electioneering for small places in his own district. This description, by the way, is given to a canvass in that very tempestuous Clary's grove, where Lincoln had found his opponent in an encounter just described.

'He told,' writes Ellis, 'several anecdotes, and applied them, as I thought, very well. He also told the boys several stories which drew them after him. I remember them,' adds the decorous Ellis, 'but modesty and my ven-

eration for his memory forbid me to relate them.' A wiser comment is made by Lincoln's best biographer, Herndon: 'His story telling propensity and the striking fitness of his yarns — many of them of the bar-room order — in illustrating public questions was really one of the secrets of his popularity and strength.'

And now I come to the most important fact in the inner lives of most men, and of Lincoln as much almost as any man, namely, his attitude to women. He was always intensely sensible to their attractions — intense sensibility to everything around him was, indeed, part of that outfit of Lincoln which made him so potent an influence on others. But again this sensitiveness was concealed by the torturing shyness with which youth, and youth most sensitive to women, veils itself. It was no wonder that poor Lincoln, when a youth, should be shy with women, for everything about him for some years revealed the black and sordid poverty in which he then had his being. 'He always disliked to wait on the ladies,' says our precious Ellis, already quoted, and now describing Lincoln in his short career as a shopkeeper, 'preferring to wait, he said, on the men and the boys.' A partial explanation is immediately given. 'He wore flax and tow linen pantaloons — I thought above five inches too short in the legs — and frequently had but one suspender, no vest or coat. He wore a calico shirt such as he had in the Black Hawk War, coarse brogans (tan color), blue yarn socks, and straw hat, old style and without a band.' No wonder Lincoln 'disliked to wait on the ladies.'

But social life is always rich in America, and Lincoln could not escape, however shy he was, all intercourse with the young girls around him. Like every American, in spite of his gawkiness, he could dance; every American

is instinctively and from childhood a dancer, as truly as every Spaniard; and when he got over his shyness and ceased to be tongue-tied, Lincoln's beautiful speech could influence women as it did men. And one of the women whom Lincoln met at this period of his life was destined to exercise over him a permanent and a tragic influence. Lincoln was a boarder in the inn of James Rutledge; Rutledge had among his nine children a daughter named Anne Rutledge; Anne Rutledge has come to fill almost as great a space in the bibliography of Lincoln literature as Mary Queen of Scots in ours. Possibly she is idealized — Lincoln himself would idealize any woman he loved — but there remains of her a portrait of a pretty girl, with auburn hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, slight in figure; above all, sweet in expression, and so amiable and gentle that she had the love of everybody. One narrator describes her disposition, indeed, as 'sweet and angelic.'

The propinquity, as will be seen, of dwelling in the same house broke down the bars to acquaintance which otherwise might have stood between Lincoln and the shy girl whom he loved. But there were obstacles to a union, which might have transformed the whole career of Lincoln. When Lincoln declared his love he found that his suit had been anticipated, and that Anne Rutledge already loved, and, what was worse, was already engaged to another man. The other man's love must have been of a very different character from that of Lincoln — women do make these mistakes between the glitter and the gold of man's wooings and characters, — for he had not only left the district, — in search of fortune elsewhere, — but had neglected even to answer the love letters that came from the girl he had left behind. Lincoln then felt justified in pressing his suit on

the apparently deserted girl, and she is said to have ultimately listened to him. But she was, as sometimes happens, the victim in this old and ever new story of the triangle; her health was always delicate, and she is supposed to have become more delicate in the torturing conflict between the lover that was absent and the lover that was near. Anyhow, she was attacked by consumption; she saw Lincoln as she was dying — the tall, gaunt, heartbroken man stood by her bedside alone.

He used to say himself when he looked at her grave, 'My heart is buried there'; and there is no doubt that Anne Rutledge's death produced on him not only a profound effect at the moment, but ever afterward. There were reasons in his subsequent life, and, above all, in his subsequent marriage, which sent him inevitably to such comparisons as many men often make between what is and what might have been in the hours of mournful retrospect of the different episodes in their sentimental education — as Byron did, for instance, when he recalled Mary Chaworth after his unhappy marriage with Miss Milbanke; as Shakespeare perchance did when Anne Hathaway and he had ended the inauspicious prose of their married existence; as Mrs. Carlyle did when she sat opposite the grim and mournful figure of Thomas Carlyle and thought of Irving.

Anyhow, there is no doubt as to the intensity of Lincoln's grief when Anne Rutledge died. Herndon tells the story well in words, a few of which I will quote:

When he returned from the visit to the grave of Miss Rutledge, he stopped at the house of a friend, who relates that his face showed signs of not little mental agony. 'He was very much distressed,' is the language of this friend, 'and I was not surprised when it was rumored subsequently that his reason was in danger.' One of Miss Rutledge's brothers says: 'The effect upon Mr. Lincoln's mind was terrible. He became plunged in

despair. . . . His extraordinary emotions were regarded as strong evidence of the existence of tenderest relations between himself and the deceased.' The truth is, Mr. Lincoln was strangely wrought up over the sad ending of the affair. He had fits of great mental depression, and wandered up and down the river and into the woods woefully abstracted, at times in the deepest distress. If, when we read what the many credible persons who knew him at the time tell us, we do not conclude that he was deranged, we must admit that he walked on the sharp and narrow line which divides sanity from insanity. To one friend he complained that the thought 'that the snows and rains fall upon her grave filled him with indescribable grief.'

He was watched with special vigilance during damp, stormy days, under the belief that dark and gloomy weather might produce such a depression of spirits as to induce him to take his own life. His condition finally became so alarming that his friends consulted together and sent him to the house of a kind friend, Bowling Greene, who lived in a secluded spot hidden by the hills, a mile south of town. Here he remained some weeks under the care and ever-watchful eye of this noble friend, who gradually brought him back to reason, or, at least, a realization of his true condition. In the years that followed Mr. Lincoln never forgot the kindness of Greene through those weeks of suffering and peril.

Such was the sentimental past of Lincoln when he met the woman whom he was destined to marry. By this time he had taken up his residence in Springfield, the capital of the State of Illinois. He had become familiar with the town when he had been elected as member of the State Legislature of Illinois, which met there and meets there still. By this time Lincoln had finally found his real vocation by becoming a member of the Bar. The methods by which he attained to this great rise from his position as a shiftless laborer and an unsuccessful shopkeeper were hard, almost terrible. He had received no regular education, there was no library, there was probably no regular book store in the remote and thinly populated regions in which he had passed his youth. The books he did read he had picked up or been presented with; he devoured them just as Robert

Burns did the books picked up in somewhat the same way; and light to study was so costly to one so poor that Lincoln often had to read under the fitful blaze of shavings and bits of wood saved from the rail splitting. But his wondrous mind — wax to receive, marble to retain — had enabled him to grasp the underlying principles of Blackstone and the other classics with promptitude and complete absorption; no man who ever lived could get hold of a fundamental principle with such thorough mastery as Lincoln; it was one of the secrets of the power of his oratory and of the inflexibility and success of his policy when he came to a responsible position. But when Lincoln came to Springfield, the learning that was in his head was his only equipment. He rode into the town on a borrowed horse; he had a single bedstead got from the only cabinet maker in his village. The rest of the story I had better tell in the words of Speed, one of his closest and best friends — Speed runs throughout nearly all the career of Lincoln after his migration to Springfield.

He came into my store, set his saddlebags on the counter, and inquired what the furniture for a single bedstead would cost. I took slate and pencil, made a calculation, and found the sum for furniture complete would amount to seventeen dollars in all. Said he, 'It is probably cheap enough, but I want to say, cheap as it is, I have not the money to pay. But if you will credit me until Christmas, and my experiment here as a lawyer is a success, I will pay you then. If I fail in that I will probably never pay you at all.' The tone of his voice was so melancholy that I felt for him. I looked up at him, and I thought then, as I think now, that I never saw so gloomy and melancholy a face in my life. I said to him, 'So small a debt seems to affect you so deeply, I think I can suggest a plan by which you will be able to attain your end and without incurring any debt. I have a very large room, and a very large double bed in it, which you are perfectly welcome to share with me if you choose.' 'Where is your room?' he asked. 'Upstairs,' said I, pointing to the stairs leading from the store to my room. Without saying a word he took his

saddlebags on his arm, went upstairs, set them down on the floor, came back again, and with a face beaming with pleasure and smiles, exclaimed, 'Well, Speed, I am moved.'

This was the position of Lincoln at the time when Mary Todd burst upon Springfield and upon Lincoln in all the effulgence of her birth, her education, and her powers of fascination.

Effulgence is not an exaggerated word to apply to Mary Todd as she appeared on the horizon of Springfield life. It was a new town of new people, and Mary Todd came from the aristocratic circles of the aristocratic South. She made high claims — as was then and still is the habit of her country people — to ancient ancestry. Her line went back, she said, in regular family tree, to the sixteenth century; her ancestors had been generals in the great revolutionary war and in the first Indian war, and others had held high office in the Legislature, in banks, and in the army. But what was perhaps even more impressive was that, in the limitations of education in this new town, Mary Todd had almost all the accomplishments of a young lady that had been brought up in the ancient culture of Europe; she might have come straight from Paris instead of Kentucky. Here is her own account of her education — one can read many things between the lines:

I was educated by Madame Mantelli, a lady who lived opposite Mr. Clay's, and who was an accomplished French scholar. Our conversation at school was carried on entirely in French — in fact, we were allowed to speak nothing else. I finished my education at Mrs. Ward's academy, an institution to which many people from the North sent their daughters.

And Lincoln was the son of the poor shiftless carpenter Thomas Lincoln, and of Nancy Hanks! In addition, Lincoln had not yet learned the art of social conversation; he was still frightfully shy; and he was shyer than ever when

he came in contact with this cultured and self-confident product of the Southern aristocracy. Here is a description of the two at the moment when they were already probably sounding their souls, and on the brink of the declaration that was to tie them for ever together:

Mary invariably led the conversation (her sister is writing). Mr. Lincoln would sit at her side and listen. He scarcely said a word, but gazed on her as if irresistibly drawn toward her by some superior and unseen power. He could not maintain himself in a continued conversation with a lady reared as Mary was. He was not then educated and equipped mentally to make himself interesting and attractive to the ladies.

And this tongue-tied and petrified admirer is the man who delivered the Gettysburg speech—one of the highest flights of oratory in the whole history of oratory! How little lovers know of each other before—as often happens—they know too much of each other! I saw a photograph of Mary Todd in Lincoln's house in Springfield during one of my visits to the town in 1918. The lady who was in charge of the house, in reply to some observations of mine, said that she was what might be called a 'chunky' woman. I thought I detected a certain acidity in the observation, but I may have been wrong. I noticed that Mrs. Lincoln was in a *décolleté* dress, which revealed her fine shoulders and bust. The description I will quote from Herndon fits in with my own impressions of what Mrs. Lincoln was like in the flesh: 'She was of average height, weighing when I first saw her about one hundred and thirty pounds. She was rather compactly built and had a well-rounded face, rich dark brown hair, and bluish-grey eyes. In her bearing she was proud, but handsome and vivacious.'

But what was behind this exterior? Herndon lifts the veil a little in a passage which follows that I have just quoted. He first dwells on that efful-

gent education of hers, which had set Springfield in a flame of admiration, dwelling especially on the central fact in this radiant glory that she was 'a good conversationalist, using with equal fluency the French and English languages.' But then comes the lifting of the veil. 'Ordinarily she was affable and even charming in her manners; but when offended or antagonized her agreeable qualities instantly disappeared beneath a wave of stinging satire or sarcastic bitterness, and her entire nature was submerged.' And poor Herndon was destined himself to experience this changefulness from sweetness to fiery anger in the complex lady. She and he were dancing a waltz together. 'I fancied,' says the innocent Herndon, 'I never before danced with a young lady who moved with such grace and ease.' Then the delicious story goes on:

A few moments later, as we were promenading through the hall, I thought to compliment her graceful dancing by telling her that, while I was conscious of my own awkward movements, she seemed to glide through the waltz with the ease of a serpent. The strange comparison was as unfortunate as it was hideous. I saw it in an instant, but too late to recall it. She halted for a moment, drew back, and her eyes flashed as she retorted, 'Mr. Herndon, comparison to a serpent is rather severe irony, especially to a new-comer.'

Two other facts must be added to make up the picture. Mary Todd was intensely ambitious. 'She loved show and power, and was one of the most ambitious women I ever knew,' says her sister. 'She used to contend, when a girl, to her friends in Kentucky that she was destined to marry a President. I have heard her say that myself, and after mingling in society in Springfield she repeated the seemingly absurd and idle boast.' The second fact is that, by a strange coincidence, among those who wooed her in Springfield were just the two men who afterward confronted each other with almost equal chances

of satisfying her ambition. All through his career, as I have already said, the course of Lincoln is crossed by the figure of Stephen A. Douglas, Senator for Illinois, head of a great party, a brilliant orator and a great party manager, of more accomplished manners than poor Lincoln. And now the two, in addition to all their other rivalries that then divided and were afterward still more to divide them, were rivals in love. But Lincoln had rivals everywhere, for the effulgent Mary Todd had set all the young men of Springfield raving. 'She soon became one of the belles,' write Herndon, 'leading the young men of the town a merry dance.' She had all the dexterity of her sex, too; for she — I am quoting Herndon again — 'kept back all the unattractive elements in her unfortunate organization'; and 'her trenchant wit, affability, and candor' was all that the young aspirants could see, while the elders were impressed 'by her culture and varied accomplishments.'

This was the woman who swept Lincoln off his feet — but partially. For there were indications to his eye, not altogether blinded by love, of 'the unattractive elements in her unfortunate organization'; and there were within his inner mind some ugly warnings, the croakings of which he could not altogether silence. The result was one of those painful struggles which so many men and so many women pass through before, doubting, fearing, haunted, they enter on that terrible intimacy of marriage, in which to people of sensitive temperaments there is no alternative between the bliss of an earthly Heaven or the tortures of an earthly Inferno. One can see the struggle in all its phases, especially in the light thrown upon it by the chroniclers of the period, and in their subsequent history. The debate in Lincoln's mind may have been influenced by the story that the

flirtation between Mary Todd and Douglas had reached the 'desperate' point; that if Mary Todd could be said to have ever really loved anybody, there was reason to believe that it was Douglas. The flirtation had been ended abruptly, probably in an outburst of temper between two impetuous and irascible people; but it had taken place; and it had taken place — this was the desperate part of the business — while Mary Todd was engaged to Lincoln. Lincoln at last listened to the warning voices of his heart, and one night entered the store of his good friend Speed. A strange scene followed. I quote Speed:

The letter was addressed to Mary Todd, and in it he made a plain statement of his feelings, telling her that he had thought the matter over calmly and with great deliberation, and now felt that he did not love her sufficiently to warrant her in marrying him. This letter he desired me to deliver. Upon my declining to do so he threatened to entrust it to some other person's hands. I reminded him that the moment he placed the letter in Miss Todd's hand she would have the advantage over him. 'Words are forgotten,' I said, 'misunderstood, unnoticed in a private conversation, but once you put your words in writing they stand a living and eternal monument against you.' Thereupon I threw the unfortunate letter into the fire. 'Now,' I continued, 'if you have the courage of manhood, go and see Mary yourself; tell her, if you do not love her, the facts, and that you will not marry her. Be careful not to say too much, and then leave at your earliest opportunity.' Thus admonished, he buttoned his coat, and with a rather determined look started out to perform the serious duty for which I had just given him explicit directions.

Speed, like the good fellow he was, 'under pretence of wanting to read,' did not go to bed on that fateful night; he 'was waiting for Lincoln's return.' The sequel follows the traditional and almost inevitable lines; I again quote Speed:

Ten o'clock passed, and still the interview with Miss Todd had not ended. At length, shortly after eleven, he came stalking in. Speed was satisfied, from the length of Lincoln's stay,

that his directions had not been followed. 'Well, old fellow, did you do as I told you and as you promised?' were Speed's first words. 'Yes, I did,' responded Lincoln, thoughtfully, 'and when I told Mary I did not love her she burst into tears and almost springing from her chair, and wringing her hands as if in agony, said something about the deceiver being himself deceived.' Then he stopped. 'What else did you say?' inquired Speed, drawing the facts from him. 'To tell the truth, it was too much for me. I found the tears trickling down my own cheeks. I caught her in my arms and kissed her.' 'And that's how you broke the engagement,' sneered Speed. 'You not only acted the fool, but your conduct was tantamount to renewal of the engagement, and in decency you cannot back down now.' 'Well,' drawled Lincoln, 'if I am in again, so be it. It's done, and I shall abide by it.'

The scene is characteristic of Lincoln; he was so tender-hearted, especially with women, and also with animals, that he could never resist any appeal from them; indeed, throughout his life this great, lanky giant had the sensibility of a very gentle woman. He took a long journey once in difficult circumstances to rescue a dog; he surrendered his good horse for a poor one to enable a friend to get more rapidly to a country town where a piece of land he wanted was for sale; he often tortured Stanton, his grim Secretary of War, by appeals for mercy to deserters, because the mother had come to appeal to him for her boy. It was this tender-heartedness that made it impossible for him to resist the tears of Mary Todd, tears that may have had other origins than merely Lincoln's drawing back. Possibly they were for that other externally and superficially more attractive man. Who can tell the origin of our emotions? There was no drawing back, but when the day came for the marriage Lincoln saw the abyss before him, and a strange thing happened. The story is doubted — everything is doubted about Lincoln which departs from the false and artificial portraits that stupid people insist on drawing of him; but my belief is that

the story is true. It is in the biography of Herndon, who was his partner. It was confirmed to me by word of mouth by Ward Lamon, who was a friend of mine; he also had been a partner of Lincoln, and had been by his side to protect him from assassins, as his marshal in Washington City. Here is the story as told by Herndon:

The time fixed for the marriage was the first day in January, 1841. Careful preparations for the happy occasion were made at the Edwards's mansion. The house underwent the customary renovation, the furniture was properly arranged, the rooms neatly decorated, the supper prepared, and the guests invited. The latter assembled on the evening in question, and awaited in expectant pleasure the interesting ceremony of the marriage. The bride, bedecked in veil and silken gown, and nervously toying with the flowers in her hair, sat in the adjoining room. Nothing was lacking but the groom. For some strange reason he had been delayed. An hour passed, and the guests, as well as the bride, were becoming restless. But they were all doomed to disappointment. Another hour passed, messengers were sent out over town, and each returning with the same report, it became apparent that Lincoln, the principal in this little drama, had purposely failed to appear! The bride, in grief, disappeared to her room; the wedding supper was left untouched; the guests quietly and wonderingly withdrew, the lights in the Edwards's mansion were blown out, and darkness settled over all for the night. What the feelings of a lady as sensitive, passionate, and proud as Miss Todd were we can only imagine — no one can ever describe them.

Lincoln was not found till the next morning by his distracted friends, and when he was found he was 'restless, gloomy, miserable, and desperate.' I quote Herndon again: 'His friends, Speed among the number, fearing a tragic termination, watched him closely in the rooms day and night. Knives and razors and every instrument that could be used for self-destruction were removed from his reach.' This part of the story, I must add, is contradicted by Miss Tarbell, one of the most recent and one of the best of Lincoln's biographers. However, the marriage did

ultimately take place, largely because Lincoln thought that he had defiled his honor in inflicting unhappiness on a loving woman by a breach of his word. Herndon insists that Lincoln knew what he was doing, and that when asked on the day of the wedding where he was going, his answer was, 'To hell, I suppose.' Thus, then, in order to understand Lincoln's history, especially his private history, one must always keep in mind this sad background of domestic unhappiness which lay behind him and his public deeds.

I pass to his professional life, and to something of his political career. I must be brief. He was still very poor at the time of his marriage, and his only way of making a living was going circuit. Going circuit means with us, in our old community and in these modern times, something like a pleasant excursion; it was very different with Lincoln and the community in which he lived. The itinerant lawyers usually rode on horseback; and they took up their lodgings in small, rough country hotels. Often two of them had to sleep in the same bed. This was especially awkward for Lincoln, because of his great height. 'In most cases,' writes one of his contemporaries and comrades, 'beds were too short for him, and his feet would hang over the footboard, thus exposing a limited expanse of shin-bone. Placing a candle on a chair at the head of the bed, he would read for hours. I have known him to study in this position till ten o'clock in the morning.' And while his comrades were reveling below, Lincoln spent these watches of the night in reading Euclid, and mastered the six books during these stolen intervals of his circuit work. The exterior of Lincoln at this period will be a sufficient indication of his worldly circumstances. Here is a picture from one of his fellows on these journeys:

His hat was brown, faded, and the nap usually worn or rubbed off. He wore a short cloak, and sometimes a shawl. His coat and vest hung loosely on his gaunt frame, and his trousers were invariably too short. On circuit he carried in one hand a faded green umbrella, with 'A. Lincoln' in large white cotton or muslin letters sewed on the inside. The knob was gone from the handle, and when closed a piece of cord was usually tied round it in the middle, to keep it from flying open. In the other hand he carried a literal carpet bag, in which were stored the few papers to be used in court, and underclothing enough to last until his return to Springfield. He slept in a long, coarse, yellow flannel shirt, which reached half-way between his knees and ankles. It was probably not made to fit his bony figure as completely as Beau Brummel's shirt, and hence we can somewhat appreciate the sensation of a young lawyer, who on seeing him thus arrayed for the first time, observed afterward that 'he was the ugliest figure I ever saw.'

One other little touch to complete the picture; it is the story of Lincoln's hat:

The hat of Lincoln — a silk plug — was an extraordinary receptacle. It was his desk and his memorandum book. In it he carried his bank books and the bulk of his letters. Whenever in his reading he wished to preserve an idea, he jotted it down on an envelope or stray piece of paper, and placed it inside the lining. Afterward, when the memorandum was needed, there was only one place to look for it.

Perhaps it will help to complete the picture of Lincoln if I add here something more about a question which — as will have been seen — often occupied his inner thoughts, and often led to some of his embarrassment. When he was beginning to be recognized — rising suddenly out of the obscurity of the country lawyer, of rough clothes, penniless pocket, and ungainly appearance — he was invited to make a speech at New York. There are always men on the look-out, as the election approaches, for the likely Presidential candidate — the men who make what they call in America 'Presidential timber' — and there were some such wise men in New York; and so Lincoln got his first chance of addressing a meeting

in the East and outside the narrow limits of his town and State in the Middle West. His clothes for the great occasion were almost as much of a concern to him as his speech, and when he did appear he was haunted by them all through the great utterance — for it was a great utterance, and both his own destinies and those of his country depended upon its every word — and he was dreadfully uncomfortable, for, as one of the chroniclers relates:

The new suit of clothes which he donned on his arrival in New York were ill-fitting garments, and showed the creases made while packed in the valise, and for a long time after he began his speech, and before he became 'warmed up,' he imagined that the audience noticed the contrast between his Western clothes and the neat-fitting suits of Mr. Bryant and others who sat on the platform. The collar of his coat on the right side had an unpleasant way of flying up when he raised his right arm to gesticulate. He imagined the audience noticed that also.

The same terrors accompany him to the platform of the Capitol on the day when, as President, he had to deliver his inaugural address. The faithful Herndon was there, and this is his impression:

To me, at least, he was completely metamorphosed, partly by his own fault and partly through the efforts of injudicious friends and ambitious tailors. He was raising (to gratify a very young lady, it is said) a crop of whiskers of the black-brush variety, coarse, stiff, and ungraceful; and in so doing spoiled, or, at least, seriously impaired a face which, though never handsome, had in its original state a peculiar power and pathos. On the present occasion the whiskers were reinforced by brand new clothes from top to toe, black dress coat instead of the usual frock coat, black cloth or satin vest, black pantaloons, and a glossy hat; evidently just out of the box. To cap the climax of novelty, he carried a huge ebony cane, with a gold head the size of an egg. In these, to him, strange habiliments, he looked so miserably uncomfortable that I could not help pitying him. Reaching the platform, his discomfort was visibly increased by not knowing what to do with hat and cane; and so he stood there, the target for ten thousand eyes, holding the cane in one hand and the hat in the other, the very picture of helpless em-

barrassment. After some hesitation, he pushed the cane into a corner of the railing, but could not find a place for the hat except on the floor, where I could see he did not like to risk it. Douglas came to the rescue of his old friend and rival, and held the precious hat until the owner needed it again.

The first thing that made Lincoln a national figure, though his fame grew gradually within his own State — partly through his consummate oratory — was his duel with Stephen Douglas. As the controversy over slavery was reaching the danger point that seemed to make war inevitable, Douglas was one of the many men who tried to find a compromise between the two extremes of the slaveholders of the South and the fanatical Abolitionists of the North. Douglas was then seeking the Senatorship for the great State of Illinois, in which both he and Lincoln lived, and Lincoln issued a challenge to Douglas for a debate on the rival policies before the country. Douglas accepted, and, as everybody thought, it was Goliath condescending to a duel with a very impudent David. The story of that duel has been often told. I met in Springfield one of the men who was present at one of its days. It went from town to town, and was conducted often before open-air audiences. The whole country was gradually brought to concentrate its gaze on the tremendous duel, and everybody backed Douglas as the winner. It was almost as thrilling as a great prize fight between two renowned heavyweights.

When the contest was over the net result was that by his incomparable power of analyzing an argument and stating a policy, Lincoln had got Douglas into such a network of contradiction that he floundered hopelessly. It was made a reproach to Lincoln by some of his friends that he had stated his views with regard to slavery so clearly, without evasions and qualifications, that

Douglas was made surer than ever of the Senatorship. Lincoln, with his judicial impartiality, even with regard to his own doings, agreed; but he added the memorable answer—memorable because it was so completely realized—that he had destroyed Douglas's chance of ever becoming President.

The Republican Convention of 1860 was held in Chicago, just as it was the other day in this year. There is something weird in meeting men to-day who took part in an event so full of far-reaching results and comparatively so remote from all our conditions of to-day as to seem almost prehistoric, but I have met more than one man who belonged to those times, and was close to Lincoln. When the Convention started there did not seem to be the ghost of a chance for Lincoln. His poverty and his experience confined to mere country law courts and small offices, were brought into effective contrast with the claims of Seward, his chief rival, who was a gentleman by birth, a man of wealth, a scholar, and who had already filled the great office of Governor of the State of New York—who, in short, had just the qualifications and the training that made it quite easy and natural that he should step from one great office to another. Curiously enough, I knew intimately the man who, for a single man, did most to change the fortunes of the battle in Lincoln's favor. He belonged to that robust race which in America—but certainly not in Ireland—are known as Scotch-Irish, by which term is meant men who belong to Ulster, and are Protestant in religion. His name was Joseph Medill, and he was a middle-sized, very slight man, slight almost to lankiness—a bundle of nerves, of intelligence cold and clear, and a feverish temperament underneath the cold exterior. He was the chief proprietor of

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the great journal of the Middle West, the *Chicago Tribune*, and his grandson is to-day a Senator for Illinois, and one of the proprietors of the same journal. It was he who laid the wires before the Convention, who in the Convention led the whoops for Lincoln; it was he, of course, who, in his great journal, made the propaganda for Lincoln.

But there was another factor, and the story of that I heard told by one of the delegates to the historic convention, when he and I were addressing a meeting in honor of Lincoln at Springfield. From Kentucky, which was Lincoln's birthplace, there came a group of delegates; dour, determined men, and acquainted with the real feelings of the South. They were all Scotch-Irish. They declared that they knew the South meant war, and to meet a war there was only one man, and that was Lincoln. That got the delegation—I think it was from Iowa—and that in turn got the majority for Lincoln. I don't know whether John H. Bunn still lives; he was eighty-seven or eighty-nine when last I met him. He is a courtly old gentleman, who might walk out of one of the stories of New England life which Nathaniel Hawthorne has immortalized, with his frilled shirt, his gold-headed cane, his velvet-collared evening dress, and his handsome features, with a Norman nose, and aureole of beautiful white hair. He was a bosom friend of Lincoln, and from him I learned a lot of Lincoln—some of which I regret I cannot publish.

One of the stories he told me was that on the day when Lincoln was awaiting the delegation from Chicago announcing his nomination, Lincoln came to him in great trepidation because he anticipated that these politicians would have the normal thirst of politicians and that he had no liquor in his house. Mr. Bunn was able to

reassure poor Lincoln, for he told me that Lincoln's friends had already foreseen and prepared for the eventuality, and that the delegates, before they went to his house, would be entertained at a local hotel. It was one of the understandings that Mrs. Lincoln was not to appear, nor any other lady, at the meeting between Lincoln and the delegates, but she did.

I pass on to the closing hours of Lincoln's life. He was haunted, and all his friends were haunted even more, by the thought that he would die by the hand of the assassin. Washington was and is a Southern city, and the partisans of the South swarmed there. Again and again Lincoln was bidden farewell by the friends of his youth; and again and again they left him with the foreboding of coming doom. Lincoln dealt tenderly with these memories of his inauspicious youth, and when he was parting from his friends dismissed their fears with a characteristic and brave joke. At noon on Friday, April 14, while the wires were bringing further particulars of the surrender of Robert E. Lee and the collapse of the rebellion, Lincoln held his last Cabinet

Council, and there he interrupted the proceedings to tell his colleagues of a singular dream. But one thing was wanting to make the news of the complete victory secure, and that was from General Sherman. This is what then happened:

The President remarked that the news would come soon and come favorably, he had no doubt, for he had last night his usual dream which had preceded nearly every important event of the war. I inquired the particulars of this remarkable dream (Secretary Wells, who was then at the head of the navy, is the narrator). He said it was in my department. It related to the water. He seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, and he was moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore. . . . Victory did not always follow the dream; but the event and the results were important. . . . 'It must relate to Sherman; my thoughts are in that direction, and I know of no other very important event which is likely just now to occur.'

Some nine hours later he was dead. In that strange, brooding, superstitious dreaming he was again the little boy in his first home in the forest, the log-hut, the environment of superstition, with its dreamings, its witches, its visions. He died truly as the son of Nancy Hanks should die.

[*The Nation*]

THE MISJUDGED AMERICANS

BY H. W. NEVINSON

RETURNING from America this week, I find people here thinking a good deal about that country. There is the tercentenary of the Mayflower's departure from Southampton and Plymouth. There is the unveiling of Lincoln's statue in Parliament Square. And

there is always Ireland. It is only three hundred years — only the added lifetimes of four oldish men — since the Mayflower carried some forty of the Brownists with their families (returning from their earlier refuge in Holland) to the new Plymouth beside

Cape Cod, where now Portuguese from the Azores plough the sand into vegetable gardens. We all admire those Pilgrim Fathers. The picture of their prayerful landing is almost as familiar here as in Salem or Providence. We applaud their unflinching courage. We emulate their rebellious spirit. We envy the rigidity of their conscientious objections. It was but natural that the Lord Chancellor, as the highest representative of our Law, and equally renowned for his perfervid Protestantism, should be invited to deliver the oration in their honor near Southampton Dock. And after reading his speech, I recall to mind the tiny decimal fraction of their descendants whom I have recently known. The remembrance fills me with fresh amazement at those Fathers — at their rapid productivity (no stock — not even those who came over with the Conqueror — can claim so numerous a progeny); at their persistence in the face of difficulties and dangers for which they had made no preparation but prayer; and at their irresistible success.

In a well-known passage, Matthew Arnold observed that, however highly we may think of the Pilgrim Fathers, we may reflect that Virgil might not have enjoyed a particularly happy time as a passenger upon the Mayflower. That, of course, is true, though probably Virgil would not have felt any happier upon a modern liner. But after getting his 'baggage' through the customs upon the quay at New York, how much he would now find to interest and please him among the numerous progeny of those grim Fathers, and among the swarming races whom their success has gathered around them! There he would see a city far surpassing the Rome of which he boasted — surpassing her in smoke and wealth and roar, in grandeur of

beauty and loftiness of wall. There, as he gazed up Broad Street along 'The Curb,' where the money-seekers stand like those priests of Baal who yelled and howled and cut themselves in the frenzy of their worship, he would raise his eyes to building overtopping building as in a poet's vision of Ecbatana, and to towers compared with which the gates of Rome were toys. Below, the tiny swarms of men scurry and crush, but high above them in clear air touched with white clouds of steaming furnaces, rise the cliffs and precipices of their handiwork. If architecture is the master art, the descendants of those Fathers have contrived artistic mastery beyond all other peoples. In twenty years New York will come nearer the ideal of a great city than Athens or Florence, and already, in comparison with her, London looks almost as mouldering and *passé* as Paris looks now.

But, as the Greek orator said, it is men that make the city and not walls, and among the men and women developed from those Fathers our Virgil on landing would find himself very well at home. The behavior of the people is marked by that charm of politeness and modesty which we are sure was his. I like to think that much of this charm may be derived from the primitive Christianity of those Pilgrims — from their grave living, their indifference to temporal things; from minds fixed upon the eternal, and a sense of equality in the presence of God. But, whatever may be its source, the charm exists, and one feels it directly one touches the shore. In no country, not even in Ireland or India, have I found such heartfelt politeness and goodwill extended to unknown foreigners like myself. The readiness to help, to be of service, to consider your feelings, and make things easy and pleasant is widespread. It is

almost universal, from the boot-polisher to the member of wealthy clubs. Why, even officials are polite, and appear to think that they too are there to give assistance instead of putting every hindrance in your way! Till you have experienced this universal courtesy, you could not believe how much more delightful it makes the common life of every day. To pass into the offices of Whitehall from the streets of New York is like passing from humanity into a wilderness of sick monkeys.

Akin to this courtesy, and perhaps also derived from men and women who thought themselves all the children of God, is a childlike and open-hearted disposition, very attractive, though the sophisticated may call it crude. It is childlike, but not like American children, who usually display the characteristics that we associate with old age, being querulous, greedy, self-absorbed, and rather timid. As they grow up, they invariably shake off these senile qualities and develop into young men and women, and then into old men and women, singularly simple-hearted, high-spirited, anxious to please, and themselves pleased with every fortune as it comes. It is a remarkable and blessed transfiguration, for which I can find no single cause, unless indeed it is really better in the end to allow children to bark and bite and be as disagreeable as nature made them, in the hope that so they may purge away their unamiable dispositions.

'This childlike habit may be all very charming,' say our critics, 'but you must admit it is crude!' I suppose one must. There is very little criticism in the states. In literature, there is hardly any. On Sundays the great masses of the people browse upon stuff that our children would reject as mental pig-wash. They appear to recognize

no difference between the extraordinary and the commonplace. It is partly the fault of editors, so terrified of their advertisers that they dare not admit anything which passes beyond 'standardized printed matter.' But though in themselves the people retain the modesty of nice children or Pilgrim Fathers, they do take a pleasure in a rhetoric and fine writing at which even the readers of our most popular papers would laugh. For instance, in a leading article of a great New York paper—an article denouncing the 'fraudulent slogan of politicians who wanted the nation's eternal obligation to our splendid young manhood which throttled the German shock troops in their tracks to be paid off in paltry dollar bills'—in that recent article one read:

Our battalions of youth, courage, and daring never went to the front for Hessian hire. Their services never can be appraised as cloth is measured with a yardstick, or even as fine gold is weighed on a balancing scale. The account never can be settled out of the cash drawer. If we are to continue as the nation for which millions offered and thousands gave their lives, the account will stand, and stand proudly, till Gabriel blows his trumpet.

Another queer result of this childlike nature, accepting things without criticism or question, is that an audience will silently drink in a lecture so crammed with nonsense and mistakes that one might expect the very walls to cry out. There was no interruption, no violence in the course of any lecture I have heard, and even at the end it is not the custom for the lecturer to elicit a question or discussion, though questions and discussions are the only object and service of lectures, as every professor ought to know. Somewhat similar is a peculiarity of the American advertisement. If you want what we might call 'serious writing' and the Americans call 'deep stuff,' you must go to the advertise-

ments of a weekly paper. For instance, I have before me a page from a paper that prints two million copies a week. It is headed 'The Truth that embodies all Truth,' and after a long discourse upon the meaning of Truth it concludes: 'This is the Truth that embodies all Truth; this is the Truth that makes men free.' But for a note cocked in at the bottom of the page, no one would suppose that this philosophic discourse was an advertisement for a motor car company. Where, then, is Callisthenes? Where is our friend of Pope and Bradley?

There is, to be sure, a darker side to this easy-going, childlike and uncritical disposition. It is the darkest and most dangerous side of United States history at the present time. I mean, of course, the uncritical conservatism, and the uncritical obedience to authority. If men fear death as children fear to go into the dark, the mass of the American people fear change in the same manner. Their rigid conservatism springs partly from rooted respect for George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, but chiefly it springs from fear. Their Constitution is obviously obsolete, but if you hint at reform, they shudder. They see Red in every change, and every strike fills them with panic. In panic the government charges about from one injustice to another, and the people patiently bear its wild vagaries. There is no concentrated indignation. There is hardly a whisper of protest. The authority of the state — that is, of a few men who, by one means or another, have got themselves appointed to official positions — goes unresisted and almost uncriticized, like the authority of parents in a nursery. But where there is no resistance to injustice and hardly any public criticism the state itself is in danger, and that way lies the madness which all officials and editors and own-

ers of property are beginning to fear as men fear the end of the world.

That subject is too vast even to be glanced at now. I will only say that in my experience, limited to the Eastern and Central States, but varied and including most classes, I found the American exactly opposite to his reputation among ourselves. He is thought to be ill-mannered, discourteous, brazenly boastful, grasping, oversharpest in business, free, inclined to change, rebellious, and fearless of the future. I found him exquisitely polite, obliging almost to excess, so modest that he accepted as Evangelists lecturers who in England would be received with mockery, so careless of business that he does not persuade his innumerable 'stenographers' even to answer a letter, and so far from liberty-loving or rebellious that he allows himself without protest to be ruled by second-rate men and by a police system almost as vile as the Russian or German before the revolutions. Grace and friendly charm are the dominant characteristics, and one likes, as I said, to trace them to those vaunted Fathers. But from the Fathers, too, perhaps, are derived submission to paternal government, and uncritical obedience to authority such as they gave to the 'Word of God.'

[The Observer]

THE FAIRER SEX: A REPLY TO MRS. ASQUITH

BY REBECCA WEST

It is not surprising that Mrs. Asquith thinks that the women of the present day are not so beautiful as women were when she was young. Her own reminiscences show that the ideas then current as to what constituted wit and good manners were entirely different from those we hold to-day, and, it is possible that a like change may have

come over the popular idea of beauty. Success in the art of being beautiful seems always a matter of individual inspiration, but, like all arts, this has its schools that rise, flourish, and then fall, to the rage of those who helped them rise. The women of to-day are plainly not following the same ideal of the appearance that was held by their mothers. That, if one tries to trace it in old photographs, in which the shameless excesses of the 'touchers up' show that the sitters really wanted their faces made smooth and white like lard and the glossy portraits of the period, was an ideal at once more reserved and more candid than our own. They waved their hair and cut it into fringes so that it could not possibly be taken as material for romance, and yet it was apparent that these were efforts at self-decoration, and that they had taken a great deal of time and trouble over them.

Their expressions were at once alert and too placid, as if they were clever about facts and stupid about their implications; they were full of a rich vitality but had no scheme of laying it out to the best advantage, and this uncertainty showed in a certain quality of poise at once statuesque and fatuous. That was observable in their fine figures. They were certainly nothing if not feminine, yet they had hardly made the most of being women. It was an age that produced, if the memory of the old is to be trusted, incomparably lovely casts for amateur performances of Greek plays, yet gave us no great tragic actress. The figure that is now praising this past age is, indeed, typical of it, being, up to a point, so very good, pursuing the best in the intellectual and social world of her day with a zest and indefatigability absolutely unequaled save by Francis Thompson's Hound of Heaven; but preserving to end, in spite of her intelligent devour-

ing of life, that brassy insensitiveness about it which makes her capable of telling us all about what, in the lurid Victorian way, she calls her 'proposals.'

The ideal that is followed to-day by women who have the leisure to work seriously at their own beauty is quite different. Philosophically it is almost the reserve. It is less reserved and less candid. There is not, in the woman of to-day, the slightest doubt that her hair, as well as every other part of her, is material for romance: but it must not look as if she spent any time over it. The wave in her hair is to the rigid corrugations of yesterday as water is to wine, the hairdresser's scissors are now allowed no topiary work; and the difference between women's figures as they used to be and as they are is as great as the difference between Tennysonian poetry and Vers Libre. There is a vagueness and easiness about the dress and carriage of modern women which must be maddening to those who were brought up under the stern physical régime of the waist and the fringe. It is said that those who have bored their way through the works of Hegel always become convinced believers in the Hegelian philosophy because they simply cannot bring themselves to admit that they have wasted so much time and trouble in investigating a bogus system, and this is perhaps a fair analogy to the position of women who see the succeeding generation being just as attractive in jumpers as they were in boned bodices.

And if one leaves the physical side of it and considers the spiritual atmosphere that gives the beauty its quality one comes on another and deeper resentment which is comparable to the feeling that possesses an Academician of the type of Mr. John Collier when he sees the work of an earnest follower. 'If these people are right I must be wrong,' the argument seems to lie.

The women of to-day are so different from those of the preceding generation, so nearly their opposite, that the elders have every reason to desire to correct them of error. They are alert, but they are not placid enough to give their alertness its chance; their minds seem to follow a brilliant but unnatural order in discovering the implications of facts almost before they have recognized the facts. It is impossible to find them at a moment when they are not spending their vitality in some purposive way, so that they prefer painters, like Mr. Ambrose McEvoy, who do violence to their art, which ought to record preparation for movement rather than movement itself, by representing them fluttering with restlessness. They are obviously ready to avail themselves of the emotional opportunities open to women and yet they are almost androgynous in their lack of the gentleness and of leisure which are among the secondary feminine characteristics.

It would be hard to find sufficient women of to-day who were possessed of the large tranquillity that is appropriate to the cast of a Greek play; but there are many whose beauty has a real tragic significance. They are at once more and less fastidious than the typical figure of the last generation. They pursue their intellectual and social lions not too avidly but less discriminately, becoming involved with innumerable spurious movements of the arts, vulgar amassers of wealth; yet it is quite impossible to imagine that they would write in the newspaper concerning their proposals. Perhaps that is not altogether to their credit. It may be that they are too sensitive to the implications of certain facts.

The truth is that beauty ought not to be considered in a mass. If one does that one perceives to what degree it reflects the state of society in which it

was produced, and since all states of society are imperfect (particularly to the eye of the state that immediately precedes or succeeds it) this clouds the clear surface of its perfection. Vision of the opaque handsomeness of the women of the last generation, their smoothness, so innocent of lines traced by fastidiousness, is faintly jaundiced by our disapproval of an age that in the trough of prosperity between the Crimean and the South African War grew heavy with prosperity; while they dislike the restlessness of the beauties of to-day because it is the consequence of the trials of a period that must seem to them so much more uncomfortable than they had ever thought life could be. To do anything more than hail beauty when one sees it in one's present world is to exchange the emotion of the artist for the mild interest of the historian.

[The New Witness]

AEROPLANES AND MORALS

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

THERE was recently a highly distinguished gathering to celebrate the past, present, and especially future triumphs of aviation. I rather think it was a dinner; but anyhow it was a festival if it was not a feast. Some of the most brilliant men of the age, such as Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. J. L. Garvin, made interesting and important speeches, and many scientific aviators luminously discussed the new science. Among their graceful felicitations and grave and quiet analyses a word was said, or a note was struck, which I myself can never hear, in the most harmless after-dinner speech, without an impulse to jump up and scream and smash the decanters and wreck the dinner table.

Long ago, when I was a boy, I heard

it with fury; and never since have I been able to understand any free man hearing it without fury. I heard it when Bloch, and the old prophets of pacifism by panic, preached that war would become too horrible for patriots to endure. It sounded to me like saying that an instrument of torture was being prepared by my dentist, that would finally cure me of loving my dog. In a far milder and more unconscious form, through a far more indirect and delicate process of suggestion, I hear it again when so thoughtful a man as Mr. Garvin talks of aviation as altering all international policy, especially in the relation of England and America.

For I not only resent the suggestion that a machine can make me bad—I resent almost equally even the suggestion that a machine can make me good. It might be the unfortunate fact that a coolness had arisen between myself and Mr. Fitzarlington Blenkinsop, inhabiting the suburban villa and garden next to mine; and I might even be largely to blame for it. But if somebody told me that a new kind of lawn mower had just been invented, of so cunning a structure that I should be forced to become a bosom friend of Mr. Blenkinsop, or even the business partner of Mr. Blenkinsop, I should be very much annoyed. I should be moved to say that if that was the only way of cutting my grass I would not cut my grass, but continue to cut my neighbor. Or suppose the difference were even less defensible; suppose a man had suffered from a trifling shindy with his wife. And suppose somebody told him that the introduction of an entirely new vacuum cleaner would compel him to a reconciliation with his wife. It would be found, I fancy, that human nature abhors that vacuum. Healthy human beings will not be ordered about by bicycles and sewing machines; and man will not be made

good, let alone bad, by the things he himself had made. I have occasionally dictated to a typewriter; but I will not be dictated to by a typewriter. Nor have I ever met a typewriter, however large and complicated, who attempted to usurp such a position.

Yet this and nothing else is what is implied in all such talk of the aeroplane annihilating distinctions as well as distance; and an international aviation abolishing nationalities. This and nothing else is really implied in Mr. Garvin's prediction that such aviation will almost necessitate an Anglo-American friendship. Incidentally, I may remark, it is not a true suggestion even in the practical or materialistic sense; and Mr. Garvin's phrase refuted Mr. Garvin's argument. He suggested that international relations must be different when men could get from England to America in a day.

Well, for a long time past men could get from England to France in a day. Men could get from the coast of England to the coast of France very quickly through nearly all the ages during which those two coasts were bristling with arms against each other. They could get there very quickly when Nelson went down by that Burford inn to embark for Trafalgar; they could get there very quickly when Napoleon sat in his tent in that Boulogne camp that filled England with the alarms of invasion. Are these the amiable and pacific relations which will unite England and America, when Englishmen can get to America in a day? The shortening of the distance seems quite as likely, so far as that argument goes, to facilitate that endless guerilla warfare which raged across the narrow seas in the Middle Ages; when English invaders burned the crops in Brittany or French invaders carried away the bells of Rye. I do not know whether American privateers, landing

in Liverpool, would carry away a few of the more elegant factory chimneys as a substitute for the superstitious symbols of the past; or whether it would be considered a corresponding calamity, if English raiders burned large quantities of the manufacturing machinery of New York.

But anyhow it is anything but self-evident that people cannot fight each other because they are near to each other; and if it were true there would never have been any such thing as border warfare in the world. As a fact border warfare has often been the one sort of warfare which it was most difficult to bring under control. In plain words, we have been congratulating ourselves for centuries on having enjoyed peace because we were cut off from our neighbors; and now they are telling us that we shall only enjoy peace when we are joined up with our neighbors. We have pitied the poor nations with frontiers because a frontier only produces fighting, and now we are trusting to a frontier as the only thing that will produce friendship. But, as a matter of fact, and for far deeper and more spiritual reasons, it will not produce friendship. Only friendliness produces friendship. And the thing which produces friendliness lies far deeper in the spirit of man.

Apart, therefore, from this fallacy about the facts, I feel a strong abstract anger against the idea, and even against the ideal. If it were true that men could be taught and tamed by machines, I should think it was the most tragic truth in experience; even if they were taught wisdom or tamed to amiability. A man so taught and tamed would be, in an exceedingly ugly sense, losing his soul to save it. But in truth he cannot be so completely coerced into good; and in so far as he is incompletely coerced, he is quite as likely to be coerced into evil. It is needless

to say, of many of the philosophies and philanthropies supporting such schemes, that the good is evil. The light in their bodies is darkness; and the very highest objects of such men are often the lowest objects of ordinary men. Their peace is often personal safety, and their international friendship a convenience of international finance. The best we can say of that special school of capitalism is that at least it will be unsuccessful. All its visible manifestations are materialistic; but at least its visions will not materialize. Its worst we suffer, but its best we shall at any rate escape; we may continue to suffer the realities of cosmopolitan capitalism, but we shall be spared its ideals.

'Peace to all such'; for I do not deal here with such vulgar cosmopolitanism, but with the vaguer and subtler way in which the same error affects minds of the very finest type. Men like Mr. Wells and Mr. Garvin do not easily dismiss from their minds, I fancy, a general notion that anything so new, so striking, and even startling, as humanity gaining the power to fly must make some momentous difference to their normal morals and mentality. They do not crudely think of aviators as nearer to angels; but they do generally think of aviation as nearer to the heights of imagination and ideality. In that general sense they think the machine will transform the man. Everybody will remember that splendid stream of prose at the end of *Tono Bungay*, which describes the rush of the hero in the flying machine down the valley of the Thames, and seems to suggest a sort of answer from the clean and steely energy of the mind of man to all the foul decay and wastage that went to swell a mushroom millionaire. But Mr. Wells wrote that passage because he is a prose poet, not because he is an aviation expert. The poet puts

poetry into aviation, or at any rate he gets it out of aviation, as he gets it out of archery or artillery. But men are not made poets by aviation any more than archery. So a little boy, a hundred years ago, could look up and see his kite sailing in the clouds. If you told him he could sail on his own kite, he would go mad with joy at such a stroke of magic. But that would be because the boy is a boy, not because the kite is a kite.

In truth if there is one thing that really refutes this fallacy or illusion, it is an aeroplane. I have talked to very many of the young Englishmen whose valiant adventures in the air were the glory of the great campaign. They were varied as well as valiant; but if there was one remark which recurred with comparative frequency, it was the remark that the four hours of trial flight were rather monotonous because there was nothing to do. That is the moral that really remains, after all the magic of the machinery invented by man. A man actually attains to the wings of an angel; and the first thing he does is to feel bored. Or rather, to speak more truly, he owes it to something older than the aeroplane if he does not feel bored. He owes it to a certain faculty, which any man in any age might have enjoyed on a horse or in a swing or at the top of a tree. But it is vain to have the power of inventing magic machines, if the same philosophy which is always augmenting the machines is always diminishing the magic.

The secret of enjoying being in an aeroplane is still the secret of enjoying being in an apple tree; it is the secret of being a little boy; or, as a more transcendental tradition has expressed it, becoming as a little child. And if that transcendental tradition has indeed any practical possession of that secret, it possesses a permanent spiri-

tual necessity without which a biplane is no more romantic than a bath chair.

Thus in both these aspects of aviation, its services to peace and its elements of poetry, its admirers put the cart before the horse, or whatever may be the aeronautical equivalent of that old-fashioned figure. I need not say that I hope and believe there may be peaceful relations between Englishmen and Americans, and poetical relations between aviators and aviation. But the peaceful and poetical relations will exist first, and the political and scientific methods follow upon them. It may seem queer that we should be offered as an instrument of ideal peace something that has hitherto been almost entirely used as an instrument of peculiarly infernal war; or as a pure refreshment of the spirit what has so often been a weariness to the flesh. But the only real harm that comes from scientific discoveries consists in a few false starts and futile digressions; that distract men from their true pursuit of nourishing the spirit, by a power that makes all things new.

[Punch]

BADLY SYNGED

THE scene is the morning room of the Smith-Hybrows' South London residence. It is the day following the final performance of the Smith-Hybrows' strenuous season of J. M. Synge drama, undertaken with the laudable intention of familiarizing the suburb with the *real* Irish temperament and the works of the dramatist in question.

Mrs. Smith-Hybrow is seated at the breakfast table, her head buried behind the coffee urn. She is opening her letters and 'keening' softly as she rocks in her chair.

Mrs. Smith-Hybrow (*scanning a letter*). Will I be helping them with the sale of work? It's little enough the

like of me will be doing for them the way I was treated at the last Bazaar, when Mrs. McGupperty and Mrs. Glyn-Jones were after destroying me with the cutting of the sandwiches. And was I not there for three days, from the rising of the blessed sun to the shining of the blessed stars, cutting and cutting, and never a soul to bear witness to the destroying labor of it, and the two legs of me like to give way with the great weariness? (*keens*) I'll have no call this year to be giving in to their prayers and beseechings, and I won't care the way the Curate will be after trying to come round me, with his eyes looking at me the way the moon kisses the drops of dew on the hedgerows when the road is white.

[*Opens another letter, keening while in a slightly higher key.*

Enter Gertrude Smith-Hybrow.

She crosses to the window and stares out.

Gertrude. There are black clouds in the sky, and the wind is breaking in the west and making a great stir with the trees, and they are hitting one on the other. And there is rain falling, falling from the clouds, and the roads be wet.

Mrs. S.-H. It is your mackintosh you will be wanting when you are after going to the Stores.

Gertrude (coming to the table and speaking with dull resentment). And why should I be going to the Stores the way I have enough to do with a meeting of the League for Brighter Homes and a luncheon of the Cubist Encouragement Society? Isn't it a queer hard thing that Dora cannot be going to the Stores, and her with time enough on her hands surely?

[*Sits in her place and begins keening. While she has been speaking Dora has entered hurriedly, buttoning her jumper.*

Dora (vigorously). And is it you, Gertrude Smith-Hybrow, that will be

talking about me having time on my hands? May the saints forgive you for the hard words, and me having to cycle this blessed day to Mrs. Montgomery's lecture on the Dadaist Dramatists, and the méringues and the American creams to be made for to-night's Tchekoff *Conversazione*. Is it not enough for a girl to be destroyed with the play-acting, and the wind like to be in my face the whole way and the rain falling, falling?

[*Sits in her place and keens.*

Mrs. S.-H. (after an interval of keening). Is it your father that will be missing his train this morning, Dora Smith-Hybrow?

Dora (rousing herself and selecting an egg). It is my father that will be missing his train entirely, and it is his son that would this minute be sleeping the blessed daylight away had I not let fall upon him a sponge that I had picked out of the cold, cold water.

Gertrude. It is a flapper you are, Dora Smith-Hybrow.

Dora. It is a flapper you will never be again, Gertrude Smith-Hybrow, though you be after doing your queer best to look like one.

Mrs. S.-H. Whist! Is it the time for loose talk, with the wind rising, rising, and the rain falling, falling, and the price of butter up another three-pence this blessed morning?

[*They all three recommence keening. Enter Mr. Smith-Hybrow followed by Cyril.*

Mr. S.-H. (staunching a gash in his chin). Is it not a hard thing for a man to be late for his breakfast and the rain falling, falling, and the wind rising, rising. It's destroyed I am with the loss of blood and no food in my stomach would keep the life in a flea.

[*Sits in his place and opens his letters savagely. Cyril, a cadaverous youth, stares gloomily into the depths of the marmalade.*

Cyril (dreamily). There's gold and gold and gold — caverns of gold. And there's a woman with hair of gold and eyes would pick the locks of a man's soul, and long shining hands like pale seaweed. Is it not a terrible thing that a man would have to go to the City when there is a woman with gold hair waiting for him in the marmalade pot — waiting to draw him down into the cold, cold water?

Dora. Is it another spongeful you are wanting, Cyril Smith-Hybrow, and myself destroyed entirely waiting for the marmalade?

[*Cyril blushes, passes the marmalade, sits down languidly and selects an egg. Mrs. S.-H. pours out the coffee and resumes her keening.*

Mr. S.-H. (glaring at her). Is it not a nice thing for the wife of a respectable City stockbroker to sit at the breakfast table making a noise like that of a cow that is waiting to be milked?

Mrs. S.-H. (hurt). It is keening I am.

Gertrude (passing him The Morning Post). Is it not enough that the price of butter is up another threepence this blessed day, and the wind rising, rising, and the rain falling, falling?

Mr. S.-H. It is destroyed we shall all be entirely.

Cyril (gazing into the depths of his egg). There was a strange queer dream I was after having the night that has gone. It was on the rocks I was . . .

Mr. S.-H. (glaring at the market reports). It is on the rocks we shall all be.

Cyril. . . . on the rocks I was by the seashore. . . .

Dora (slightly hysterically). With the wind rising, rising?

Cyril (nodding). . . . and the rain falling, falling. And a woman of the chorus drove up in a taxi, and the man that had the driving of it was eating an orange. The woman came and sat by the side of me, and the peroxide in her hair made it gleam like the pale gold coins that were in the banks before the Great War (*more dreamily*). Never a word said she when I hung a chain of cold, cold sausages about her neck, but her eyes were shining, shining, and into my hands she put a tin of corned beef. And it is destroyed I was with the love of her, and would have kissed her lips but I saw the park-keeper coming, coming out of the sea for tickets, and I fled from the strange queer terror of it, and found myself by a lamp post in Hackney Wick with the wind rising, rising, and the rain falling, falling.

[*He stops. The others stare at him and at one another in piteous inquiry. The women begin keening. Mr. S.-H. seizes the remaining egg and cracks it viciously.*

Mr. S.-H. (falling back in his chair). Damnation!

[*The air is filled with a pungent matter-of-fact odor. Dora, holding her handkerchief to her nose, rushes valiantly at the offender and hurls it out of the window on to a flower bed. The Synge spell is broken.*

[The Cornhill Magazine]

MISERS IN LITERATURE

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS

Of all the passions that debase our common nature, none is more hideous than the cult of Mammon, when carried to its extreme developments, which fortunately are rare. But, whether because the monstrous has its own attraction, or because it is a foil to fairer things, it is indisputable that many men of genius have found pleasure in exploring and exhibiting this most repellent form of moral deformity. For example, at least one great artist — I mean, of course, the Fleming, Quentin Matsys (1466-1559) — may almost be said to have specialized in this line. And yet no man ever had a finer sense of the dignity of human nature than is shown in the same painter's 'Deposition,' in the Antwerp Gallery, which, for noble rendering of the beauty of sorrow, has never been surpassed.

His misers, on the other hand, are types of physical degeneracy resulting out of spiritual aberration. In his male and female versions of this subject — multiplied, as they are, in countless school-pictures — the distinctions and attributes of sex are seen to be wholly lost; the miser and his wife are interchangeable. The implication is that all other passions have yielded to the master-passion — a psychological fact which is likewise insisted on by Zola, in his novel of 'L'Argent,' where a trap laid for a financier, and baited with female beauty, is represented as failing of its object, because in him greed has swallowed up animalism. The misers of Matsys wear the appearance of

people who not merely are no longer young, but who have never been so. Their joy over their accumulated possessions is more sombre than the burthen of Ecclesiastes, or of Dürer's 'Melancholia.'

Among the poets' usurers, the first place must be claimed for Shylock. Yet Shylock's avarice has, at least, the apology that he has been goaded into it by racial and personal persecution. As Macaulay has urged in defence of the doctrine of Machiavelli, Shylock's weapon is the resource of the else helpless man. In a first view of *The Merchant of Venice*, it scarcely appears that probability comes within the author's scheme; for, derived from old stories though they be, the incident of the caskets, no less than that of the pound of flesh, staggers belief. But the editors of the Clarendon Press 'Shakespeare' assure us that an audience of that day, 'accustomed as they were to attribute all manner of atrocities to the mysterious people whom they feared as well as hated, would see no improbability in Shylock's conduct.' And one's recollection of the Tisza Eszlar case of alleged human sacrifice among Hungarian Jews, less than forty years ago, certainly supports this view. In Shylock's fury, paternal feeling sinks into nothingness beside offended avarice: 'I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!' Yet, for all this, Shylock is not a miser *pur sang*; for he prefers

the satisfaction of his spite to money, as is shown by his reply to Bassanio, when the latter seeks to buy Antonio off:

If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond

It is a misfortune that no great actor has been seen in Shylock in our time, for Sir Henry Irving's rendering of the part could scarcely be described as more than an interesting performance.

Sir Giles Overreach, the 'cruel extortioner' of Messinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts* (first printed in 1633), is admittedly a portrait of a notorious miscreant. What a world of self-revelation is summed up in these lines, which he addresses to a prospective son-in-law:

If you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take
pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compass'd.

But though his delight in amassing wealth derives its keenest relish from the sly and underhand tricks to which he owes it, Sir Giles is, no more than Shylock, a miser pure and unadulterate, wholly dedicated to a single aim. For, in him, Avarice is the handmaid of Ambition, and wealth a means to advancement rather than an end. Where Shylock humbles himself to bear all things, biding his time, Overreach (read Mompesson) is from the first a domineering brute; so that his madness, after the frustration of his schemes, is made by an artistic master-stroke to appear as the just and inevitable culmination of foregoing bouts of passion.

Molière's *L'Avare* presents a ghastly picture of all that is most essential in the miser type, uncomplicated by any side issue; and if the result is perhaps less entirely life-like than the studies

of our native dramatists, it is certainly a masterly and characteristic example of the French dramatic method. Goethe (who, to his credit, defended the Frenchman against the pedantic belittlement of August Schlegel) was his enthusiastic admirer. 'I have known and loved Molière from youth,' he observes to Eckermann, and have learned from him through life. . . . It is not merely his perfect artistry that delights me, but his charming nature too.' Speaking of *L'Avare*, he adds: 'This play, in which avarice destroys all natural affection between father and son, is specially great, and in a high sense tragic. But when the German adapter substitutes a kinsman for the son, the entire play loses significance.' A worthy tribute from one great man to another. And, by the way, what an appreciation of the value of stage effect in interpreting character is shown in the simple touch by which Harpagon interrupts an impassioned dialogue, in order that he may blow out one of two candles that are burning!

Balzac's miser is, in his own way, as great a creation as Molière's. Superficially there is nothing repellent about Grandet; he is neither sordid nor frightful, and plays his part without recourse to frenzies or to curses. Were we to meet with him, we should take him for just what he is — that is, a not undignified specimen of the well-to-do citizen trader. What we should not suspect is that two delicate and sensitive existences are being slowly ground into the dust beneath his gernaut, wealth. Of two evil things the shrieking of Harpagon over his vanished treasure is certainly less formidable than the cool self-assurance with which Grandet shatters the dream of his daughter's youth, and, rather than put hand in his pocket, condemns her to dreary celibacy for

life. Insidious enough, no doubt, when we encounter them, are the Shylocks, Mompessons, Harpagons of the world. But still more redoubtable, as likewise oftener to be met with, is he, who, absorbed in his own infatuation, lives dead to human sympathy and indifferent to the happiness of those depending on him.

Fardorougha the Miser, of Will Carleton's novel (published in 1839), is an intensely animated figure, whose creator assures us that he knew the original intimately, and that readers familiar with the county of Louth will recall 'the little withered old man, who always wore his greatcoat about his shoulders, and kept perpetually sucking in his cheeks.' When Fardorougha is called on to secure his only son's happiness, by parting with money to promote his marriage, the struggle between niggardliness and parental love is sharp, and it is niggardliness that triumphs. But when he is called on to furnish funds for the defense of his son, accused upon a capital charge, the struggle is intensified tenfold. 'See how his small gray eyes glare,' remarks a bystander, 'and how the froth rises white to his thin shriveled lips.' But in this case it is fatherly affection which, at long last, gains the day.

Though a rich man for his station, Fardorougha is haunted by the fear of death by starvation; and yet, when ruin falls upon him, it seems for a time to have come as a blessing. But it cannot kill his old nature, as is proved by his death-bed exhortation to his family, to drive a hard bargain with the priest when arranging masses for his soul's repose. His creator declares that misers are detested in Ireland even more than elsewhere. And yet — unlike Shylock and Overreach, Harpagon and Grandet — Fardorougha O'Donovan retains a modicum of our sympathy, on the ground that, in him, the

money-madness has not annihilated natural feeling.

In the marvelous gallery of portraits presented by Dickens's novel, there are several which overshadow that of Martin Chuzzlewit himself. But the scene of his detention at the wayside inn, sick unto death, unable to take his money with him, and unwilling that any one of his numerous kindred should inherit it, is one that I think must linger in every reader's memory. 'Ugh!' he cries, 'what a calendar of deceit, and lying, and falsewitnessing, the sound of any word of kindred opens before me!' And certainly the egregious clan over which Mr. Pecksniff presided went far to justify his animadversion.

The sweetness of temper which characterized Mr. Thomas Hardy's earlier novels extends to Benjie Deriman of *The Trumpet Major*, a chirpy and innocuous little miser, whose shifts to outwit the greed of his swashbuckler nephew supply not the least delightful scenes of that most delightful novel. But the credit of devising the finest effect ever wrought out of the miser motive in fiction must be assigned to George Eliot, on account of the reclamation of Silas Marner, through his love of the foundling child discovered sleeping on his cottage floor, with its golden head on the very spot whence his hoard of gold has been abstracted. Possibly none but a woman could have conceived or done justice to this tender incident, and our knowledge that that woman herself was childless adds a pathos to the thought. That there is hope of moral salvation for the miser, she alone of the authors here cited has cared to show. Her antidote to the virus of avarice — a frantic madness in Harpagon, a corrosive poison in Overreach, a loss of faith in humanity in Chuzzlewit — is the love of a helpless and dependent fellow creature.

[*The Chapbook*]

ONE WHO GARDENS TO ONE WHO WRITES

BY T. STURGE MOORE

Straighten your back, let not a day
escape,
Give life a shape!
Poor critics, who slight work they
could not do,
Should not damp you.
What grudged and scanted praise had
they alive
Whom dolts contrive
To slubber, once they 're dead, with
fulsome honor!
A thing 's well done or
Ill, that neglect no more than glory
alters;
And he who falters
Because his worth is hid from molish
eyes
That worth belies
As much as those of whom he doth
complain.
They bud again
The pansy plants whose flowers,
plucked as they blow,
Make our rooms glow;
While twenty times a crop of plucky
heads
Blaze in our beds;
But, if those first blooms had been left
to seed,
Content, indeed,
Yet, in their yield, comparatively
mean
Had those roots been.
So often minds whose work is promptly
paid
On shelf are laid,
Where effort that was left without its
due
Could self renew.
Come, conjure thought to rival these,
that each
Rewardless, teach —
Gleefully damasked like an eye of
Pan —
Bounty to man.

THE FIRSTBORN

BY ARCHIBALD Y. CAMPBELL

While the chill dawn was breaking,
with moist eye,
Wonder, and heartbeat, joy, doubt.
aching bones,
Finding strange magic in that wan
cold sky,
I, that had heard all night thy
mother's groans,
First caught thy shrill, small cry.

Who parted life from life? What thing
whence came?
How, in one instant, woke thy little
soul?
Which moment earned for me a
father's name?
These, and the gray dawn, o'er my
senses stole,
One mystery and the same.

[*The Poetry Review*]

A GREEK FOLK-SONG

BY A. M. CLARK

Bright golden Moon; that now art near
thy setting,
Bring back my love who said he'd
leave me never,
The thief of my love, for he is fast for-
getting
Me for ever.

He left me like a field gleaned by the
reaper,
Or like a church where no men medi-
tate,
A city sacked and ruined; left a weeper,
Desolate.

Oh! God Who hear'st the wretched
and the lonely,
Be Thou All-Taker as Thou art All-
Giver;
Beauty, youth, sight I give, but leave
me only
Him for ever!